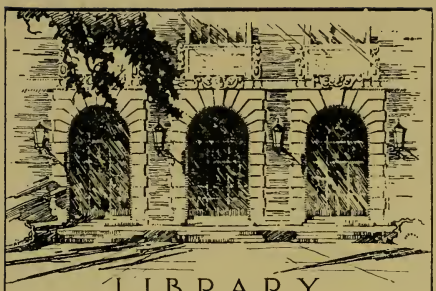

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
G549t
v.1

CENTRAL CIRCULATION BOOKSTACKS

The person charging this material is responsible for its renewal or its return to the library from which it was borrowed on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. **You may be charged a minimum fee of $75.00 for each lost book.**

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

TO RENEW CALL TELEPHONE CENTER, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

NOV 1 9 1996

When renewing by phone, write new due date below previous due date.

L162

TRANSFUSION:

BY

THE LATE WILLIAM GODWIN, JUN.

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY HIS FATHER.

Some noble spirits—judging by themselves—
May yet conjecture what I might have been.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.
MDCCCXXXV.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

823
G549t
v. 1

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

BY HIS FATHER.

The writer of these volumes was born on the twenty-eighth of March, 1803. He was my only son. He had from nature, and he early discovered, great clearness and precision of understanding. He had much quickness of study. What he set himself to learn scarcely cost him any labour in acquiring. I was desirous of giv-

ing him the best education that my means would afford. I sent him at eight years of age a day-scholar to the Charterhouse. He continued there for three or four years; but he was of an impatient temper, and could not brook the disdain with which the boarders at the school were accustomed to look down upon the day-scholar. To humour his disposition in that respect, I sent him in September, 1814, to the school kept by the younger Dr. Burney, at Greenwich. Here he continued again for three or four years, to the end of the year 1817.

It seems to me that it is at a later period than is usually imagined, that a youth for the most part manifests original powers of mind. Not having remarked

indications of this kind, I therefore destined my son to some mercantile or mechanical profession. I placed him in the beginning of the year 1818 at a celebrated school for preparing youth for the pursuits of commerce at Woodford. Early in the next year, he having professed a fondness for mathematical studies, I put him under Mr. Peter Nicholson, in London Street, Fitzroy Square.

It has always been my opinion that the partialities and propensities of young persons deserve great attention in choosing for them a destination in life. My son, at this period, (early in 1820) professed a considerable inclination for engineering. I consulted Mr. Rennie; I tried Mr. Donkin; and finally fixed him upon probation

with Mr. Maudslay at Lambeth. Here he early met with an accident (the loss of a finger) which seemed to put an end to his views in that direction.

He then spoke of architecture; and I consulted Mr. Telford and Mr. Nash: the latter of these gentlemen most liberally said, "I do not know, Mr. Godwin, exactly what may be your thoughts in coming to me (I went to both gentlemen without any other introduction than my name), but if you would wish to place your son as a pupil with me, I will only say that my usual fee is five hundred guineas. In the mean time, I feel that respect for your character, that I will willingly receive your son to precisely the same advantages without a fee."

During these experiments however my son betrayed an unsteady and roving disposition. None of the occupations he had chosen perfectly suited him. He had nearly completed the twenty-first year of his age, when he first shewed any external indications of a vocation to literature; and up to that time I had had no reason to suspect that he could, with any degree of taste, turn a sentence or construct a paragraph. He worked his way in silence; and in November and December, 1823, I was agreeably surprised at having put into my hands two little Essays of his, printed in the "Literary Examiner:" one entitled "Country Church-yards," and the other "The Cottage." The scene of the first was laid in Woodford Church-yard,

and both of them are pregnant with striking indications of the peculiar turn of his mind, being marked all through with an agreeable egotism, as well as with strong tokens of sensibility.

Having, however, given no more decided evidences of a special vocation, and it being on all accounts proper that he should engage in some mode of gaining a subsistence by his own industry, he, in the course of the year 1823, engaged in the business of a Reporter to "The Morning Chronicle," which with a short interval he continued to pursue to the period of his death. Beside this, he employed himself latterly in regular contributions to "The Mirror of Parliament."

But in the midst of all this industry,

he was constantly uneasy. He felt that he was not in the position that properly belonged to him, and that he was born to better things. He therefore always found time to engage his thoughts and his pen in other matters, that might lead to somewhat of a higher character. He essayed various pieces of a dramatic nature. It was his propensity to engage with fervour and an eager impatience in what he thus projected, and, being little satisfied with what he had done, then to throw it aside, and seemingly to forget that it had ever existed. He wrote a slight piece in the nature of an opera on the story of Robin Hood, and even attempted a tragedy on the fate of Regulus. He wrote in the same manner a story in the form of a

novel, which he afterwards consigned to oblivion. Among his papers was found a catalogue of subjects for the Drama and for miscellaneous compositions.

He formed a sound estimate of his own productions, even at the moment that they came fresh from his pen; those which he regarded as inconsiderable, he caused to be brought out in the minor periodical publications. But having traced a thought and a feeling with extraordinary energy of purpose under the name of "The Executioner," he sent it to "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," and designed to follow with other contributions of a similar nature.

He instituted, about two years before his death, a club in commemoration of

Shakspeare, which he named "The Mulberries," that held its meetings once a week, and a more solemn meeting annually on the birth-day of the great poet. It was part of the plan of this club that each member should in rotation produce and read before his fellows, on certain select occasions, an original Essay on any subject he might think proper, provided it bore some reference to the object of the club. Accordingly, two of the Essays produced by him were, the first entitled "On Shakspeare's Knowledge of his own Greatness," and the second "A Dissertation on the Dramatic Unities," which were after his death printed in the "Court Magazine." Both of these pieces were worthy of the maturity of his mind. In the first,

he examined, and, it will perhaps be thought, satisfactorily refuted the vulgar idea that our great poet wrote his immortal effusions in total unconsciousness of their unparalleled grandeur; shewing, on the contrary, that the writer was fully aware that what he was penning could never afterwards perish. The second was a learned and perspicuous explanation of what the Greek poets understood by the Unities, and what was their conception of the nature of dramatic composition, which has been so much and so grossly misunderstood.

A year or two before his death he framed the plan of the following work, and endeavoured to apply the energies of his mind to its correspondent execution.

The original conception is not a little extraordinary; and it will perhaps be admitted that a very considerable fervour and mastery are displayed in the development. If he had lived, I make no doubt that he would have achieved more memorable things. But he was cut off just when he began to know himself, and when his mind was most pregnant with lofty conceptions and purposes.

To many readers it will be the more interesting to follow him in his intellectual development, and to conceive what he might have been, if the Great Disposer of all things had allowed him to fulfil his career, agreeably to the ordinary duration of human life.

But he was cut off almost without a warning. He had certainly of late exerted himself beyond his strength, and thus became a prepared victim to the malignant and terrible disease which destroyed him. On Tuesday, the fourth of September, 1832, he appeared capable of extraordinary bodily exertion, and in fact exposed himself to an undue degree of fatigue. He went to bed that night apparently in health, and at no unseasonable hour. But, during the hours of darkness, he became very considerably indisposed. In the course of the succeeding day he grew worse. I and his mother were sent for on Thursday morning; and we attended him almost incessantly, till his

death, at half-after five on Saturday morning, the ninth. But he was almost immediately laid prostrate. He knew every body on Thursday, but on Friday was almost insensible to the persons about him. His distemper was cholera; and, in compliance with the apprehensions of those who were near him, he was buried the next day, Sunday, in the nearest church-yard, St. John the Evangelist, Waterloo Road.

William Godwin, the subject of these pages, was of a somewhat fiery disposition, but easily disposed to listen to reason when it was duly presented to him. He was inclined to be somewhat reserved and self-concentrated, where he

apprehended an opposition which came to him in the shape of authority. But if you could once shew that there was sound sense and sobriety in what was alleged in opposition to his views, he instantly became attentive and tractable. He was a being of the warmest affections and the most entire generosity of temper. He had great powers of conversation, and could easily pass through all its humours, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." And accordingly, all his chosen associates felt a very earnest attachment to him, and a strong sense of his extraordinary gifts. In the last two years of his life, he in a striking degree shook off the errors that occasionally clouded his earlier years, and

would infallibly have distinguished himself with honour in any career in which he had engaged.

He has left a widow whom he affectionately loved, and had no children.

May 1, 1835.

TRANSFUSION;

OR,

THE ORPHANS OF UNWALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he 's at the door;
Insidious Death! Should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

The vale of death! that hushed Cimmerian vale,
Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fate,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day,
Dread day! that interdicts all future change!

IBID.

HAVE this scene before you, if a poor description may do it. Though it is but an humble cottage that occupies the foreground and presents the scene of action, Nature around this unassuming abode has been most prodigal. Look far away to both

the east and west, and see how mountain after mountain tops its neighbour, and climbs beyond the power of sight, as if these swellings of Old Earth were, indeed, to kiss the sky, but clothed in such mystery as God alone can weave to cloak the meeting from all human eyes. Survey the more gentle South, where first soft plains, parcelled out by ever-running streams; and then bright uplands, giving a green reflection to the westward sun, present themselves. These are the fragrant places, where the denizens of yonder village — sweet Unwalden, — waste their easy hours; these are the honied spots where tottering childhood, upright maturity, and wavering old age meet as one,—the common creatures of a mother that has been bountiful to them. Surely this is a scene which claims to be always lovely! Then how much more so now, when the bright sun is getting larger, as he gets lower, in the west; when thin streams of purple, gold, and radiant crimson, stealing his rays, do homage to his parting; when the light air knows no disturbance;

when the brisk birds, the lowing flocks, and all the tinier things of the creation speak their joy as Nature best has taught them.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Look into that cottage which occupies the foreground of all this pleasantness, and see how ill the scene there accords with what is extant without. Tread softly, as you approach the sick-bed, which may scarce be seen, so carefully has some kind hand excluded the severer rays of light. She that lies there, with death touching her cheek, and decay fining the thin veins of her wasted hand, is a mother—and such a mother! Oh, think of the softest moments of care; bring back, if they need it, to your recollections, the tenderest solicitudes that your own mothers have on deep-drawing occasions spent upon you; such as *they* were, under trials, have emanated from this mother on all occasions, and ever. Trust me, this is a good parent, and needs not the iron hand of death for the closer drawing of those bonds of affection which are now about to be

snapped asunder. Give a glance, too, at the gentle form that overhangs the bed where his parent is undergoing this mortal arbitrament with death. It is young Albert, who, as he props her pillow, answers each broken respiration of the sufferer with a tear. Mark how he gazes upon her murmuring lips, as though he would drink in each syllable before it had utterance : and yet it is but pitiful foolery, for he hears her not ; nature at his birth killed this communing sense, and although art and practice have taught him to speak, he receives no reply but by signs.

I have said that her lips murmured. Was it that her intellect failed her, or that her sight grew so dim that she could not see that only her poor deaf boy lingered by her side, and that the daughter of her heart was even at such a moment absent. Be it as it may, thus she spoke in scarcely audible sounds.

" Press closer to me, children. Give me thy hand, my Madeline ; and sign to Albert to do likewise. Alas ! it is all weakness with me,

or I myself would have instructed the dear boy. Death is my bedfellow, Madeline: I feel him pressing closer and closer, and I have not command of either soul or body to withstand his approach! Oh, children, now I feel the wrong that I have done ye. But why not your hand, dear Madeline? Now I feel that in affording to myself the selfish enjoyment of shrinking from society, I have scared from you those friendly faces which should have supported you in such an hour. I have looked coldly on those neighbours that would have courted our love and companionship, and now there is not one to pay the last services of humanity,—to promise me that, when I am nothing, my children shall still find protectors and friends. Why not yet your hand, Madeline?"

And then, as if rousing herself, to account for this omission, she opened her eyes and gazed around the curtained chamber.—Poor soul, in vain! The pang that she received at finding her wanting whom most she looked for, seemed

to lend the dying woman strength, for, by a sort of convulsive half-unmanageable effort, she signed to Albert to tell her what had become of Madeline.

"By and bye, mother—by and bye she will be here," was all the boy's reply, for he dared not tell her how long his sister had been absent or how uncertain her return.

"I want my Madeline," exclaimed the sufferer, in a way that left it almost doubtful whether she had attended to her son's reply; it sounded so like the mere vibration of a mind that had overstretched itself upon the impulse, and was fast returning to its former helplessness.

Albert could not hear the sounds she uttered, but he interpreted them aright, for his own heart taught him the same words; and even as his mother spoke, he whispered unconsciously to himself, "I want my Madeline;" for he was as one unnerved and actionless by the fearfulness of the scene that pressed upon him.

Again the poor sufferer murmured the name of

her truant child. The keen eye of Albert (for ever where one sense is wanting, the others gain effect) took from the modulation of her lips the significance of the word. He released his hand from that of his mother, and stole gently, —once more, stole gently to the casement, in the hope that the looked-for one might have arrived in sight. His eye rapidly glanced the whole scene;—lovely as it was, to him it was but vacancy, for the form of Madeline occupied no portion of it. Still he would not be satisfied: overlooking the immediate plain, his eye ever rested on the brilliant upland (lighted to a dazzling green by the sun's retiring ray), for there he knew were his sister's favourite walks. But no Madeline yet! Presently his eyes were strained, as though they would penetrate the thickly-studded copses that graced the hill-side: he marked the outlet of each winding path that gave egress from the clumps of trees, as though he would catch the coming shadow of her he sought. But still no Madeline!

What could this mean? Was she ill? Was she astray? Had feet been untrue, and cliffs and torrents wide and fierce? — All was one vast sea of confusion and distraction, and Albert still had to gaze,—hoping, doubting, despairing in succession, rapid as thought only can accomplish.

It was true that, when Madeline had quitted the "Single Cottage" at noon, there was nothing in the appearance of her mother that denoted speedy dissolution. She had been ailing for days and even weeks, but had ever forbidden any notice of her condition to be carried to the neighbouring village. Madeline had pressed it upon her that very morning; but the answer was, "No, dear girl, I feel better to-day, and by to-morrow shall again be able to take my walks with you." The smile of satisfaction with which this was said deceived Madeline, and she herself went abroad with a lighter heart than she had experienced for some days before.

But in the afternoon a painful change took

place. Albert was reading by his mother's bedside, consoling himself with the thought that she was in the comfort of a soft sleep, when a suppressed but hurried movement of the bedclothes aroused him from his study. As he turned to look at his mother, he half-thought that he saw a head withdraw from the exterior of the window; but the action, if one, was so sudden, and his mind was so immediately called to other considerations, that it remained upon his impression little more than something fanciful and ideal. He looked at his mother, and agony had possession of every feature of her face: presently moan succeeded moan, and the body of the patient writhed as if to be free from some monstrous oppression that was paramount upon it. Before Albert recovered presence of mind to determine what course to pursue, there was something like a recovery of her senses, and she signed to him for water. To be brief—the actual fit was over, but it had left fearful tokens of its power; and the mother from that moment

felt that she was in the hands of death. Had her strength permitted, there would presently have been a melancholy scene to have marked the absence of Madeline; but she had for the most part remained quiet, probably in the hope of gathering one last residue of strength to enable her to take a long farewell of her children. Yet still as she reclined upon her bed of pain, nature would break out, and she would call upon their names almost involuntarily. These were Albert's trying times renewed: as often as he saw her lips move, he would flit to the window to look for the absent girl, and then as suddenly return to the bedside to take glimpses of the dear pale form, whose cheek he had so often kissed; whose neck he had so often entwined in childish playfulness within his arms, and whose signs of instruction he had so often bowed before and reverenced.

But the last asking for Madeline had been too painfully distinct; — it had been followed up;—it had had its steps and its grades:—it

had evinced a train of thought which Albert for some time had feared would arrive, and yet which he knew not how to meet. The poor boy was almost maddened by mingled terror and grief—for, as he stood gazing at the window, hope died away in sickly pangs, and his heart sunk within him—No Madeline was to be seen.

At length he stole back again to his mother's side. All was quiet and uninterrupted: she looked as if a gentle sleep had again overtaken her. It was the event for which Albert had wished, and on the instant he glided from the cottage, and might be seen tracing the plain with rapid steps towards the upland, on which he had so long gazed from the window. But, however swift his motions, they still gave evidence of the irresolution of his thoughts. Indeed, he scarce himself could have told what was his purpose:—it was impulse, rather than motive, that was thus dashing him along; and the only formed idea that he possessed was the necessity of Madeline's re-appearance to speak words of

balm to her mother. For this he sped the plain—for this he was hurrying to the upland ; and though, had some strong hand suddenly seized him and detained his course, he would have struggled fearfully and from his soul to be released, he had hardly built to himself a hope to urge him to the effort which he was making. His was the act of doing something towards alleviation, with nothing but an undefined vagueness to carry it to the end.

The little plain which he had to traverse to reach the upland, finished with a streamlet, fresh and sparkling as the remainder of the scene ; and across this had been constructed by the villagers a rustic bridge, barely wide enough for two to pass abreast, but protecting the heedless passenger in his crossing by means of a hand-rail on either side. Albert, on his arrival here, found the bridge occupied by a stranger of venerable but not very ancient appearance,—though even thus much the stripling would scarcely have perceived but for after circum-

stances, for, on his reaching the bridge, he looked but once,—saw it was not Madeline, and would have passed. The stranger, however, who seemed to have been gazing on the glittering sheet that fled beneath, either from idleness, or in that absence of mind which is attendant upon deep thought, suddenly looked up, on hearing the boy's footsteps sound upon the wooden planking of the bridge, and, regardless of the evident hurry of the new comer, placed himself so that the bridge was impassable.

"Gently, gently, my young friend," said the stranger, as he perceived that Albert was going to use very little ceremony in effecting a passage—"Gently, gently—spare a moment, if it is only that I may gaze on features with which, methinks, I might almost claim acquaintanceship, though I cannot—— Come, boy, let me have the privilege of age, and ask your name."

Albert, with no time to explain that he was unable to hear the observations of the stranger, shook his head impatiently, in token of all

parley being in vain, and again would have pushed by.

The stranger was somewhat offended at the motion, which he naturally enough interpreted to signify the youth's refusal to satisfy his curiosity ; but, recovering himself in a moment, he cried, " Well, well, perhaps I had no right to demand ! But at all events, with all courtesy, I may, as a stranger, ask if you can direct me to the ' Single Cottage,' which I understand to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Unwalden ?"

Albert's patience was exhausted ; and this time, not even deigning a shake of the head, he thrust the querist on one side, and rushed on for the upland with redoubled speed, while the stranger gazed at him on his eager course with a mixed sensation of wonder and resentment.

Albert was unaware of the rudeness of which he was guilty. His mother's dying form was before his eyes, and the necessity of finding his sister—of leading her to their parent's side to

comfort her—to hear her last injunctions—overcame every other feeling: he saw, he thought of none else; and probably all that he knew about the interruption that he had just undergone was, that a something had impeded his path, and that he had circumvented it in the best way he might. Having conquered this difficulty, he surmounted the rising ground, threaded the thick copses that graced its sides, and was still at his speed where the upland gradually increased into a hill. With panting haste the youth clambered up the precipitous sides, and at length reached the top. Then how his neck stretched forward—how his eyes strained, as he stood on the very summit, and turned his gaze around to have the whole space it commanded within his gaze! Still on Madeline!—It could not be! he would not believe it. He had climbed the hill for her:—as he rose, his hopes rose with him, and there she was to be. Again and again he looked from side to side, and presently made the

place resound with her name—"Madeline ! Madeline !"

"Still no Madeline," thought he, but with a strange revulsion in the tenor of his thoughts. "I must have passed her in the deep copse. She must have threaded the Gipsy Brake, while I sped round by the Fairy Circle. She must have gone a circuit by the mountain. She must have been loitering in the village. For home, then,—for home !"

These, and the like thoughts, were the work of a moment, and the next saw him again at his speed retracing the hill, the copse, the upland, the bridge, the plain.

But the cottage threshold he could not for his soul pass at the same speed. There was a flitting thought that made him pause ere he lifted the latch ; and with a sigh, such only as comes from the heart of hearts, he crept on to the door of the sick room.

He opened the door, and there was one kneeling at the bed of his mother. Madeline then

was come! No,—it was a man; and as the kneeler raised his head to see who entered, Albert recognised the stranger, who a quarter of an hour before had arrested his progress on the bridge. Under other circumstances, or at a more distant date, the youth probably would not have remembered him; but the time elapsed was so short, and so strangely had he twice looked to see a well-known form in that of the unknown visitor, that the recognition was instant and unavoidable.

The dying woman had also heard the door open. "Madeline! Albert!" cried she; and the latter was at her bedside. He saw her lips move, and it was no difficult matter for him to guess the import of what she said. He crept closer and closer to her pillow, and by his own lingering kiss taught her to repay him in the like.

Then there was a pause; and to have looked upon the three was to have believed that a triad of death had been accomplished; so motionless

each limb,—so solemn the silence,—so mute the interval.

The last rally came ; the dying woman somewhat raised herself, as if strength again was hers. " Henry," said she, " dear Henry, as I may now say," looking at the stranger with eyes where affection was contending for mastery with the growing thickness, " you have well arrived, and I feel grateful that I have been able to exchange some few words with you. To your care I bequeath my orphans : when you look on them, remember me, and—forget their father. It is all that I require to secure your unfailing affection to them. And—and—is it said ?—Yet a little !—For a last office, give to Madeline, and in my name, as dear a blessing as I now give to you and this poor bereaved boy."

Another pause :—the sufferer sunk from her strength—her lips moved as if to repeat the farewell : her hands, as they rested on the bed, motioned as though in benison to Albert, and as he might best understand it—her eyes closed.

A shadow rested on her face, and death took possession of that mortal tenement which was once among the loveliest that the earth ever knew.

CHAPTER II.

Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend ;
The world 's an inn, and death the journey's end.

DRYDEN, PALAMON AND ARCITE.

YES, she was dead! And oh, how entirely was that truth felt by the two who knelt beside her bed, and had watched the last sigh of her lips—the last tremor of her hands, and the last palpitation of her heart! But to have looked at them would have been to think that they yet waited for another word, or for some still coming

token of returning life. They watched by the bedside as if immovably intent on a hope that did not yet fail them. Yet their countenances belied such hope. In the stranger's face was all the solemn severity of a tempered but deep-felt grief; while in Albert's the passion was more openly and undisguisedly displayed. But even in his the proper reign of sorrow was not yet established;—he had shed no tear—he had burst forth into no vehemence of exclamation, and, instead of the relaxations of open-hearted grief, every lineament of his countenance was fixed, as though charged with one deep ungovernable feeling; and, as he gazed upon the form that had once been a woman, he himself might have been taken for something inanimate, but for the thick breath that he drew through his nostrils, whither it was forced to seek a passage by the strict compression of his lips.

How long these two would have thus remained it would be difficult to tell; but suddenly a visiter broke in upon them, which, on the in-

stant, aroused them from the horrid dream of their first grief. The latch of the cottage was heard to open, and a woman's voice, that at other times would have struck upon the ear, soft and musical as the summer bird's carol, trolled a few lines of a well-known fairy song :

> Let us flit as bright as spring ;
> Let us nought but pleasures bring ;
> Let us teach the world to be
> Happy, blithe, and gay as we !

As the last line was given, the chamber-door was thrown open, and Albert on the instant recognised the form of his sister. It seemed as though the boy had waited for this signal for his tears to flow, for, on the moment, like a long pent stream, they gushed forth from his eyes, and, as he threw himself around his sister's neck, the circumstances of the day forced from him, " Oh, cruel, cruel Madeline !"

The girl's sudden entry from the full light of a brilliant sunset prevented her for the instant

from seeing beyond the boy who thus greeted her; and with an impetuosity of disposition for which she had always been remarkable, and which had ever been dreaded by her mother, she shook Albert from her with an angry exclamation at the presumption of a younger brother thus arraigning her conduct. The few words that had passed, however, were sufficient to explain to the stranger who the new-comer was; and, rising from the bedside, he approached her, and would have led her from the room.

"Madeline," said he, "the word was ill said; but come with me, my child, and let me explain."

A second rebuke, and from the lips of a person whom she had never seen before, was not calculated to check her turbulent spirits. — "And you, too, sir?" said she; — "What now, I pray?"

"For shame, girl, for shame," said the old man, in a hasty manner; "look on this, and

let it teach you to soften your tone to the sorrow of the occasion."

As he spoke, the stranger drew back the curtain of the window, and the dying light of the sun struck directly on the pallid form that occupied the bed. It told the whole at once; and with a suddenness too great for Madeline to sustain, she sank, senseless, at the feet of her monitor.

But we have already dwelt too long in the abode of death. Let us now pass over a few days with a rapid glance. The grief of the bereft orphans took its full vent; and the only consolation that the senior, who by this time had announced himself, and was received as their mother's brother, could afford, was to join in their lamentations. To say that the sorrow of Madeline was greater than that of Albert would be wrong, but nevertheless it appeared to be of a more harassing and distressing nature. She seemed to be continually reproaching herself with her ill-timed absence at the close of her mother's

existence. It was in vain that her uncle assured her of her mother's tender recollection of her, even in the very agonies of death: it was in vain that he dwelt upon the tenderness of her tone, or depicted the affection of her countenance, when she transmitted to the poor girl her last and dearest blessing. Madeline would listen to his words in mournful silence, save when she burst forth into fresh and more copious exclamations of grief, or fruitlessly murmured to herself, "Why not to me—why not to myself?" At other times she would make Albert point out the very spot on his burning cheek where his mother's lips had last rested, and then fasten her own on the place, as if she would imbibe the spirit that had preceded her. Albert's grief was more open and undefiled with self-reproach; with his pain, even when keenest, was mixed a soft and tender melancholy resting on the recollection of his mother's calmness and undisturbed serenity, even in her most distressing moments. To temper the acuteness of his own feelings he had

ever before his mind the picture of her placidity; and before many days had elapsed he could dwell with tranquillity — almost with comfort — on the memory of her manner: the kindness, too, with which she had looked upon this new-found uncle was a sort of balm to his wound, and he would sit and gaze at the stranger with a proportionate share of pleasure.

At length the day for the funeral of their mother arrived. As on that of her death, the sun shone brightly, and the fields looked gay. When the procession issued from the cottage, and gained the open air, Madeline started, as if the broad glare of day was intruded in mockery of her sorrow, and she felt as if she could have welcomed the bursting of her heart, when she remembered that the last time the sun had shone upon her was on the day when she so heedlessly — or, as she herself would have termed it, so guiltily — absented herself from the cottage.

When this sensation had abated, there was a strange medley of feelings in her heart. She

felt,—she knew that this last act of consignment to the earth was the completion of all separation from her mother: while the corpse—only the poor corpse, lifeless, senseless, soulless, had remained in the cottage, the chain, though stretched to the uttermost, was not yet entirely broken; there was yet a link of union remaining, and though it was the dreadful one which only binds the living to the dead—still it was a link; and, as the drowning wretch will catch at a feather or a leaf that floats upon the billow, so Madeline would steal to the coffined remains of her mother, and, leaning over them, still fancy that she had not entirely lost her. But now even this hold was to be plucked away: custom claimed its prey, and the last demand of death was to be satisfied. With these feelings, the slowness of the procession was as the race-horse's speed to her; every yard of ground passed over seemed to confirm the dreaded separation,—and as much too soon as the law's lame progress is for the spendthrift debtor, was

the arrival at the spot where earth yawned for her accustomed allowance. But here crept in the incongruity of the poor girl's sensations. The ceremony, too, rapid as it urged the inevitable separation, was all too slow as it held her every faculty in aching suspense. Each step that she took onward gave a new feature to the one same scene in her sorrowing fancy : first, she would behold her death-stricken parent searching around the room for the daughter, who should have been there to sustain her uneasy head ; — then the well-known voice pronouncing " Madeline ! My own dear Madeline !" would vibrate in her ear; and anon a sad portraiture of her mother's grief-tempered anger at her absence would creep upon her ; and though perhaps the moment before she had whispered to herself, " Oh that this nearness to all that is left of her might endure for ever," she would at these thoughts exclaim, " An end —speedy, and at any price—to such pains as these."

The ceremony was concluded, and the mourners returned. On their way they were joined by a young man whose countenance well entitled him to the privilege of enlisting himself in their sorrowing party. Long did he walk by the side of Madeline ere she noticed him. Silence was on the four; and as they paced along it might have been imagined by the uninitiated passenger that they were some group stepped forth from the sculpture of ancient times, tipt with only so much of the Promethean fire as gave them power of motion. So pale and solemn was their show,—so stealthy, and unimpressive their retreat from death's abode, that, could Holbein but have seen them, eagerly would he have seized upon their model to give a crowning spirit to his 'Dance of Death.'

At length Madeline looked up, and saw by whom she was attended. The sight shook her as though something had thrilled her to the very core. "Wahrend," she said, "away! In all earnestness of heart, I pray you—go! I give

you no blame—I attach to you no fault ; but between us lies more than half the wretchedness I feel. That I have lost my mother is Heaven's good-will ; but that I lost her without sharing her dying blessing with poor Albert (oh, how much poorer I !) is either your reproach or mine ! Be it mine ! I will not argue otherwise ; but even so, I cannot forget that it was with you I wasted the precious hours which should have been spent at her bedside—with you, in idle talk, I lingered, when I should have been listening to solemn things. Leave me then, Wahrend ; for never again can I look upon you without remembering that our that day's walk, however innocently conceived, has robbed me of what ought to have been the most precious moments of my life."

Wahrend would have remonstrated ; but the vehemence with which Madeline gave utterance to these words, added to the recollection of the freshness of her affliction, taught him that it was wiser to reserve himself for a less agitated oppor-

tunity. He withdrew—and again silence overcame the three, till each was buried in the solitude of their respective apartments in the cottage.

CHAPTER III.

Tell me then the reason why
Love from hearts in love doth fly?
Why the bird will build a nest
Where he ne'er intends to rest?

LORD ROCHESTER.

IT was not till nearly a month after the mournful day with which the last chapter concluded, that Wahrend ventured to present himself at the Single Cottage. Time had been at work, and ministered its never-failing comforts. The sorrows of Madeline had softened down into melancholy recollections, and those violent and overwhelming paroxysms of grief that had shaken her to the very soul had given place to a sobered sadness—a tempered sorrow, which cast a mellowed and thoughtful sentiment over her fine countenance, and subdued that "wondrous fire

of eye," and vivacious tone of expression, which was her wont in her days of heart's ease and carelessness.

But the sight of Wahrend re-awakened all her sad story. His entry into the cottage operated on her spirit as though he were her evil genius, only come to rekindle pain and misery. But even with this the visiter could perceive that there was not that energy of refusal when she bade him go, that had characterised her speech on the day of the funeral. It was a negative decided and absolute, but tempered with a womanly show of modesty. Her ears were not now shut, as then, to the sound of his voice ; and though her command for his absence still remained the same, he was afforded an opportunity to plead his own cause, and describe his participation in all her sorrows. But on one point he was still unsuccessful: in vain he used all his village store of eloquence to persuade her to permit another visit—in vain he intreated for a second opportunity to speak of his grief for

having unintentionally been an instrument in that piteous absence which was still the chief of Madeline's sorrow: the girl's answer was, " No, Wahrend, no! I can never meet you without its remembrance reviving in my breast, and withering all hope of pleasure in your society."

Wahrend took the wise course. He forbore pressing his suit more closely on that occasion, and resolved to apply to the maiden's new-found relation as a mediator.

" The task you would impose upon me," said the old man, after having listened to Wahrend's request, " is a difficult one, for it is manifest that Madeline feels most acutely on the subject. I have the more difficulty, too, from not knowing how far you were the tempter on the day in question."

" My good sir," replied Wahrend, " there was no matter of temptation on either side. It was merely the hand of chance that brought Madeline and myself together on that day. I had been out with my fishing-rod seeking sport in

the brooks on the plain below, till the sun became too high and hot to give me further hope of success—just at that moment Madeline appeared; she was full of buoyancy and spirits at the apparent change for the better in her mother's health; and, as we had not met for several days, it was almost unconsciously, while engaged in our various subjects of conversation, that we pursued our course from home so far that it was impossible to get back sooner than we did. Believe me, sir, there was blame on neither side."

"I can hardly allow that, my young friend," said the uncle; "for, at least, Madeline should have felt that no improvement so soon after such an illness could have justified her quitting her mother for so many hours."

Here Wahrend zealously undertook to defend Madeline altogether from the imputation.

"Gently, gently, good Master Wahrend," cried the elder; "it is not quite high treason of which I have accused her, so there is no need of so

able an advocate, even though he be fee'd with the hope of a lady's smile. A little indiscretion and want of calculation is the sum of what has happened; or, rather, I would say, if I have yet read Madeline's character rightly, it was an impetuosity of temperament, which so involved her in the affair of the moment as to leave her no judgment for the consideration of the future."

Wahrend looked grave at this speech. Was it that he did not like the observations that fell from the monitor; or, that his heart silently confessed to him that the uncle had already dived into the real depths of Madeline's character?

"Come, come," continued the stranger, "there is no occasion for such seriousness of demeanour. Before the day is past I will endeavour to take an opportunity to make Madeline view the case in the true light; and if you will be here betimes to-morrow, I take upon myself to venture an assurance that you shall be received as was the wont before the occurrence of the melancholy

event, which for the last month has clouded all our brows, and leaded all our hearts."

On this assurance, and happy at having won so powerful a pleader to his cause, Wahrend took his leave.

The old man had his reasons for the promise he had so freely given. After what had passed on the day of the funeral, he had not suffered a whole month to elapse without making inquiries respecting the young man who had been a party to Madeline's lamented absence on the day of her mother's decease. Albert had been interrogated in writing, and inquiries had also been made in the village. Every thing that he had heard had tended to give him a respect for Wahrend's character; and though Madeline as yet had not completed her seventeenth year, he looked forward to the probability that a period would arrive when a marriage between these two might take place. To this conclusion he was led by a very natural train of reasoning. From the short conversation he had had with Wahrend, it

was plain that his sentiments towards Madeline were of the most affectionate order ; and though he had not yet had an opportunity of sounding Madeline on the subject, he could not doubt that the fact of her having chosen this youth as her companion ought to be a strong inference of a feeling on her part towards him, such as might ripen into affection and regard. His inquiries had also afforded him information respecting Wahrend's property, which, for a Swiss denizen, he found to be ample and unincumbered, and such as would afford to any moderate disposition all the means of worldly comfort ; joined to which, his family was one of the most respected in the canton in which he resided.

Satisfied on these points, the uncle promised ; —and he performed his promise. That same evening he took an occasion to remonstrate with Madeline on the subject. Young as their connexion was, and respectfully as she regarded her mother's brother, the hot spirit of her temper would peep out. It seemed as though she could

not brook the idea of other persons thinking for her. She might have said with Shakspeare's Richard, though on another ground—"I am myself alone!" It was as though her judgment was supreme and complete in all its parts,—a panoply wherein she stood entire;—and that to aim a dart against it was treason self-confessed. She however yielded to her uncle's representations, and consented to admit Wahrend to his former station. As to what that station was, nothing was said:—it was not for a young maiden to speak on such a subject, and the senior trusted to his penetration to be able to discover it from the opportunities that would be afforded when the pair were together.

And now we must let in Time with his swooping wings: the *edax rerum* must arise to the imagination, and quickly devour a year of all the lives of those that have yet made their appearance, or are to make their appearance, on the tablet of these events. Autumn, winter, and spring must pass on more swiftly than Banquo's

ghostly line on witches' mirror, and summer in all her loveliness again spread her bounties around Unwalden and the Single Cottage.

By this time the new-found uncle had had ample opportunities for studying Madeline's disposition towards her young attendant; but this study had afforded him no satisfaction. He did not see in her behaviour any of those germs which promised in lapse of time to shoot forth goodly blossoms of affection. There was too much of indifference in her manner towards Wahrend,—there was too broad a carelessness in her address of him to give hopes of future regard. Nor was this all :—there was a fast and loose in her mode of dealing with him that was most distasteful to her elder friend : it was evident that she was unwilling that Wahrend should know when or where he was to depend upon her :—it was as though she would only do such things, and pursue such a course, as could not be quoted against her; so that if ever he turned to reproach, there was to be

no text found whereon he might build his lecture.

These observations afforded exquisite pain to her uncle. He saw in them unhappiness for Wahrend, unhappiness for Madeline, and unhappiness for all that were connected with either of those parties: but as her conduct was such as to avoid affording the complaints of Wahrend a corner-stone, so the elder could not see whereon he was himself exactly to found remonstrance. But this was not the worst. In examining one part of Madeline's character, he could not avoid studying another: this was that impetuosity of disposition of which two instances have already been mentioned. Indeed, this very feature was combined with, and formed part of, her coquetry towards Wahrend; for no otherwise could the rapidity with which she turned from rough to smooth—from kind to cruel—be accounted for.

The uncle, willing to give the case its full interpretation, next turned his attention to the

mode in which she treated her brother. He was willing to learn from that, what was her sentiment towards Wahrend; for that she should love Albert with deep affection was natural, and that there should be no occasion to conceal that love is consanguinity's command and happiness. This examination confirmed the senior as to her indifference towards Wahrend. Her whole mind seemed fraught with affection towards her brother: if he only walked across the room, her eye chased him uneasily; she was ever ready to watch and care for his smallest desires; and her hours seemed never so happily spent as when she was endeavouring by explanations and tuition to make up the deficiency which nature had imposed upon him. Bût still, amid all this, the tinge of authority prevailed: it was not the sister with her brother, so much as the mother with her child: the difference in their years, though not great, and Albert's natural affliction, were to be admitted as some apology; but the spirit of her movements, doubtless, betokened the same

feeling as that which was exercised on Wahrend, —subdued indeed in tone, but essentially identical.

Her uncle felt deeply the mischief of this growing evil. He searched the subject with all his knowledge of the world, and traced that love of power was the hot-bed from which this noxious herbage had its growth. He felt that each day was precious,—that each hour the thing was suffered to slip by unnoticed was confirming the strength of the disease, and making it hopelessly irradicable.

Why, then, did he not struggle against its growth?—I pray you understand this man of sorrows aright: yet another chapter, and you shall know his history; but, meanwhile, let it be observed that he was a being broken down with affliction;—kindly of heart, but disappointed of hope, his best energies had long since been withered, and he was little more than an animal vegetating on the earth, deprived of that potent mastery of soul which gives the human creature

all his more valuable properties. Thus, then, though he had wit to discover Madeline's error, he was too infirm of purpose, or rather too bent from inward bruising, to venture on a task to which his sense of duty was ever impelling him. Often and often did he resolve that Madeline should be recalled from the error of her steps: frequently did he exclaim to himself, "Before another day passes, will I point out to this headstrong girl the mischief to which she gives herself up." But days, weeks, and months passed by without the attempt. He was too unnerved, too coward to be able to force himself to face the impetuosity of her character, and to decry the fearless vivacity, or worse, with which she yielded to every movement of her mind.

All these things that had been estimated by the uncle, Wahrend had also observed, but he lacked the microcosmical glass by which the former had been able rightly to interpret the meaning that lay beneath the surface:—he probably had heard of allowances to be made for

maiden modesty, and might think that Madeline acted on grounds which Cressida confesses—

> Who shall be true to us,
> When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
> But though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
> And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
> Or that we women had men's privilege,
> Of speaking first.*

But practically he brought to the examination of the mysterious methods of the sex nothing but a villager's simplicity and a Swiss straightforwardness of honesty. The properties were altogether useless: he might as well have tried to read Hebrew by the aid of Ainsworth, or rightly understand the world's revolving system by the book of Tycho Brahe. It was a mystery! That was all that could be said for it. But who is he so wise of self to know that mysteries are better let alone, and that their very essence is to be inexplicable? Not Wahrend surely!—He would interpret.—The interpretation in good truth

* 'Troilus and Cressida.'

was wrong; but nevertheless 'twas a good interpretation; she acted upon it.

To this, then, it led him. Madeline had not yet understood him aright; perhaps he had not been sufficiently clear in explaining his intentions, and her bashful modesty stood in the way of giving too much encouragement till he had been explicit. Oh, it was admirably thought, and he hugged himself in the plenitude of his wisdom.

Further consideration taught him that it were better to proceed, if possible, upon assurance; and he resolved to seek a private interview with the uncle of his mistress, to state to him at once his desire of making Madeline his own, and to solicit his powerful aid and assistance as an advocate in behalf of his cause.

This application and offer on the part of Wahrend were like a thunderstroke to the old man. He saw at once that the moment of trial was come, and that his hitherto deferred duty could no longer be put off. For an instant he hesitated whether he would at once explain to Wahrend that his hopes

were vain, and so endeavour to induce him to withdraw his pretensions altogether. His honesty of heart, however, combined with his feeling of nervous indecision, would not permit such a step. It might be possible that he had interpreted Madeline's sentiments a-wrong:—it might be that at the bottom of all her coquetry and surface-spread indifference there was a stratum of affection; and he resolved to make the trial. But he took care not to commit himself with Wahrend. All that he would engage for was to speak to Madeline on the subject, and to give a fair statement of the young man's proposals.

That same evening he roused all his latent energies to the task.

"Madeline," said he, after having summoned her to the little room that went by the name of his study; "my dear Madeline, I have for some months been anxious to speak to you—I may say to remonstrate with you, on your conduct towards Wahrend."

"Towards Wahrend!" cried she, colouring at

the suddenness of the attack, and ill-digesting the term " remonstrate."

" Be not angry at my interference, dear girl," said her uncle, " it is your own welfare and happiness that are in my heart, and that prompt me to tread on such tender ground. I have long looked with pain at what has been taking place between you :—I have long been resolving to speak to you on the subject. But if you feel unprepared, let us defer it till to-morrow, that you may have time to search your own feelings."

" Oh, no, Sir," replied the girl ; " pray, not. On the subject of Wahrend, as on all other indifferent subjects, I am ready without preparation."

" Be not rash in words," said the uncle, " for much depends on this night's resolve. Wahrend is an excellent young man,—perhaps I never met with one who had so little to blame in him ;—but even if he were one of faults, it would justify no unfair treatment."

" Unfair treatment, uncle ! I know of neither

fairness nor unfairness on the subject. If he seeks me, he seeks me with my humours; and if one, he must take the two together."

"Madeline——"

"Allow me for one moment," continued she, somewhat eagerly;—"his visits are not of my seeking; his pretensions—if, as you insinuate, he has any—are not of my raising. He comes here, I presume, not as my visiter, but as the visiter of the family: as such he can of course expect nothing from me but my usual manner. Sorry shall I be if those manners are offensive to any one; but, even so, the mischief recoils on myself, and on me be the burthen."

"Madeline, Madeline, I expected this. But am *I* to have no weight in the business?"

"If," said she, "you speak as my uncle—every weight; but if you come as the advocate of Wahrend, how can I treat you other than I would treat the gentleman himself?"

"For shame, for shame, Madeline," replied her uncle; "you must well understand my mo-

tive. What can it be but your happiness? And if Wahrend forms part of our consideration, it is because you have encouraged him to pursue his hopes."

"I encouraged him, uncle! Was it I that recalled him after his former dismissal?—Has it been I that have given him invitations day after day to the cottage? Tax your own memory, and you will soon discover whence the encouragement has proceeded."

"So young," cried the uncle, "and already so in love with sophistry! If I interfered to have Wahrend recalled, on what principle could it have been but for your sake? I did not even know him then. And if the invitations to him have verbally emanated from me, was it not in your power to stop them in a minute by the slightest intimation?"

"Well, Sir, be the fault where it will, I have nothing to recall,—nothing to wish undone. I defy Wahrend to specify one single act on my part that marks my reception of his pretensions;—and

if the young man will be mad-o'-love, Narcissus-like, making me his mirror, and therein admiring himself without an ay or a no left to me, the affair must rest with him, for I discard it. And so, uncle, good even!"

"Stay, Madeline; we must not part so. Have I your consent to dismiss Wahrend?"

"Neither consent nor refusal. I say again, I discard the whole business. Wahrend may come, or he may send his spaniel in his place, if he please. They are both pretty fellows, and I don't know but that I like Fidel the best of the two."

"Niece, this is beyond endurance. Methinks if an honest Swiss, like Wahrend, must be ill used, at least some respect is due to my age, my experience, and the character which I bear. Steps, Madeline, must be taken to insure reason a fair hearing, if you have not wisdom enough of your own to accept it when offered."

"Uncle! — sir!" — cried Madeline, her face springing to the depth of colour with passion at the

UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY

shadow of a threat; "be assured that let what steps be taken you please, I am, and ever will be, my own free agent. I know no bond but that of inclination, and all else must be fruitless of management. I would rather fly to earth's confines than submit,—ay, rather than hear the words that convey the thought of it."

"Madeline—"

"Be quiet, Sir, I say. It is for me to be heard, or never shall we understand each other. For your protection I thank you,—for your advice I am grateful—but commands, threats, and the favour of another cause contrary to mine must ever make me lament the day that first brought my mother's brother to Unwalden. I pray you, Sir, ponder on this, and let it pass for earnest; for it is as fixed in my mind as the unalterable fiats of eternity. I can know a counsellor and a friend, good uncle; but no master."

With these words she left the room.

The old man was seen no more that night. Albert, when their little supper was spread, would

have tapped at his uncle's door to summon him to the meal, but Madeline with frowning signs forbade. Passion, with all its tortuous chain of argument, was still alive in her bosom, and would not let her see that she had done more than vindicate her just rights, and establish on an equitable basis the relative position between her uncle and herself.

But when she retired to rest, and was buried in the seclusion of her own room, other thoughts recurred to her in spite of herself. She could not forget the ever-living anxiety which her uncle had displayed for the interests of herself, and of her brother, which perhaps she estimated still more highly. She could not omit recalling to her memory the blandness of his manner, the mildness of his demeanour on all occasions, and the fond readiness with which he gave in to any project that was set on foot for the happiness or hilarity of his darlings. All these things entered her heart like many-edged swords, and ever as they passed through her conscience made gashes

as they went. Then too she thought of the constant show of sadness that sat upon his countenance, and the hints that he had dropped of the misery of his foregone life; and could she, whom he had so tenderly cherished, be the cruel one to inflict fresh injury on his galled heart? The thought haunted her all night, as they say the ghost of the murdered victim stalks in darksome hour before the ruffian whose bloody hand performed the deed. Continually did she cry, "I will go and seek pardon where I have offended;" and as often feelings of shame and wrong-minded timidity held her back.

Thus for the night, for not till the sun first shot his early ray above the horizon did sleep relieve her from her present grief.

CHAPTER IV.

I am a wretch of honest race:
My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were:
They left me heir to no disgrace.
My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:
The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I lived, their much-loved fondled boy:
They gave me generous education; high
They strove to raise my mind; and with it grew their joy.
Thus my first years in happiness I pass'd,
Nor any bitter cup did taste;
But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.

OTWAY'S COMPLAINT OF THE MUSE.

ON the next morning, Madeline was awakened by a kiss from Albert. She eyed the boy, and perceived there was something amiss by his manner. By the usual method she inquired, and learned that their uncle, though it was nearly two

hours past his usual time for rising, had not yet made his appearance. Madeline herself had overslept the time, but that was to be accounted for by the lateness of the hour at which sleep overtook her.

She hastily dressed herself at the intimation she had received from Albert, for her heart told her that something was wrong. As soon as she was ready, she went to her uncle's room. He was not there :—the bed had not been slept in, and the apartment was in disorder.

What could this mean ? Of what strange tragedy had her violence been the author ? She longed to know the worst, that anticipation with its thousand horrid phantoms might be stifled by the truth,—and yet she dreaded the arrival of the moment that should explain the mystery.

It came. A peasant arrived from the next village to the south, which was about eight miles off, and he brought with him a letter. All that he could tell was, that an elderly and reverend looking gentleman on horseback had given it

to him, and paid him his own price for bringing it to the Single Cottage.

Madeline took the letter with a trembling hand. She partly guessed its contents, yet still wanted resolution to break the seal. Albert, innocent, and eager to know of what stuff this mystery was made, urged her to a speedy execution.

The missive was opened, and its contents ran thus :—

"My Children — for I must ever call you so; though, when you receive this, you will understand that I have withdrawn myself from you,—that I have for ever quitted Unwalden, —and that search or pursuit after me will be equally in vain. It may be possible for you to find me, but never for you successfully to follow me, for your approach will ever be the signal for me to fly from realm to realm.

"I may be wrong in my resolve,—even as I write my heart half-confesses to me that I am so; but I seem to be hurried on by an irresistible impulse in saying—Farewell for ever!

"Will you not condemn me for the step I am taking? Will you not, if mischiefs overtake you, cry out upon the uncle (and yet no uncle) who, in your early days, forsook you, and bade you fight your own way through the thoroughfare of life? Alas, I fear me—yes, and justly.

"But, even if it be so, my resolution is yet unaltered; and I confess myself too great a coward to dare the risk of encountering such scenes as passed between us yesterday.

"But I ramble from my purpose, which is to give you a fair and faithful history of the things that have been, in the hope that you will see the principle on which I seek to avoid the things that may be. Nor do I offer you the narrative on this account only. While your mother, or subsequently myself, was at hand to guide and instruct you, there was no pressing necessity to acquaint you with the circumstances of your earlier life, or the events that led to those circumstances. The case is now altered:—even

at this moment you stand alone; and I should be guilty of an injustice were I, knowing this your situation, to forbear giving you all the information within my power.

"Let me, in opening my story, begin by informing you that your mother and myself had not the ties of blood to unite us. Anon you will hear how much more nearly and dearly we ought to have been connected. We were both of us natives of the same village in England; and, from the connexion which existed between our families, may almost have been said to have been intimates from our first entrance into the world. I shall not, however, carry you so far back. Suffice it to say, each succeeding day found us together: as children, we might be seen hand in hand rambling through my father's grounds; and, when further advanced towards adolescence, we were still to be found together in our studies, our amusements, and our thoughts. No objection to this frequency of intercourse was entertained on the part of our friends; for, as we alike were

only children of the families we represented, the parents of both looked fondly forward to the day that should see their friendship united by marriage as well as by affection.

"For ourselves, marriage was an idea that never distinctly entered our imagination. It was a word that I had never uttered to Agnes, simply because it had never had possession of my thoughts. The constant recurrence of our interviews had so far assimilated our tastes, that the idea of departure came upon us with the same fearful image as that of death; but beyond companionship we had never thought. To be together was our paradise, beyond which we neither looked nor cared; and our casual separation was the signal for the exertion of all our simple cunning and ingenuity to abridge and circumvent. It was this that had caused our mutual education at home; for even now I can remember, with all the freshness of to-day, the passionate flood of tears that burst from Agnes when my father announced his intention of send-

ing me to a public school to pursue my education. The girl sorrowed like the young kid that has lost its dam; and the week that was to have intervened between the notice of my departure and the act itself was sufficient to steal colour from her cheeks to such an extent, that her alarmed parents petitioned—and successfully—that the plan might be altered for that of a home education.

"A day of separation, however, at length arrived, most unexpectedly. My father, who was a retired merchant in the West India connexion, received a letter one morning by the post, announcing the arrival in London of his West Indian agent from Jamaica, where my father still retained a large estate, and from which he derived his principal income. He had long wished for an opportunity of a personal communication with this gentleman, as it was generally understood throughout the country that West Indian property was greatly depreciating, so as to render it advisable for those who had large property at stake

there to be on the alert. At the time of the arrival of this letter, however, my father was suffering so much from an attack of the gout that it was impossible to go himself to town; and the agent, in his letter, announced that he had only time to stay three days in London, previous to his departure for the Continent, where he had business of the greatest importance to transact. Under these circumstances my father came to the resolution of despatching me to London.

"Against such a commission as this it was impossible for either Agnes or myself to struggle; but the necessity of the errand could not take away from the bitterness of the separation, and a flood of tears marked my departure.

"On my arrival in London I found my father's agent had been so much curtailed, even in the short stay that he had purposed to make, that he had already quitted the metropolis. In his place I found his son, a young man apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, who, having received full instructions from his father on the subject,

together with himself having had the advantage of living the greater part of his life near my father's West Indian estates, was fully competent to answer all the questions it most concerned our family to ask.

"It is not my intention to dwell on the character of Stephen Warner; neither may I do it, my children, for this man was no other than your father. The day, too, for invective and anger has long since gone by. I write but to tell the facts that occurred: it is for you to draw the conclusions.

"When I first introduced myself to Warner, I thought it impossible not to be captivated with his style and manner. As a companion I found him replete with information, and a fund of never-ending gaiety and description. Under his guidance I was speedily initiated into all the mysteries of London; under his tuition, with shame do I say it, I shortly became acquainted with its follies and dissipations. I neither palliate nor excuse my conduct; but I tell it that you may

both be warned how easy it is for a young and ductile mind to be led away by the first glare of the splendours that await its first visit to the more luxurious haunts of men.

"This course was pursued for a fortnight, during the latter part of which period we were waiting in expectation of the elder Warner's return from Paris. At the expiration of that time a letter arrived to state that he was still unavoidably detained in the French capital, and that he must not be expected in England for a month, when he would be able to come down to the village where my father resided.

"On this information being communicated to my father, I received a recall to the country. In courtesy I could not do less than invite Warner to accompany me: but with me it was a matter of more than courtesy; I felt as if I could never have enough of his conversation, and pressed him with proportionate warmth to spend the month in question at my father's house. The invitation was accepted, and next day we arrived at Morfield.

"Warner had frequently heard me extol my Agnes, as I then so fondly called her, with all the enthusiasm of a young heart deeply involved in a single feeling, of which she was the Alpha and the Omega, and had as frequently laughed at the overflowing of my soul in praise of her many excellences. He was now introduced to her. 'I cry you mercy,' I well remember his saying to me after the first interview,—'I cry you mercy! This was indeed a topic worth dwelling on. I could myself be a six-hour poet on so admirable a subject!'

"Fool that I was, I felt proud of having won so good a judge to my side, and spent myself in devices to exhibit the more hidden excellences of Agnes to his gaze.

"I had not been back at my native village many days, before I found the mischief of the spirit in which I had entered into the dissipations of London. Every thing in the country seemed so dull and so monotonous:—even the conversation of Warner seemed to flag for the

want of those gay accompaniments that had helped to make it living. My only delight was to recount to Agnes the scenes I had witnessed in London, and these descriptions in their turn only served to confirm my disease, and I pined once again to behold the gay metropolis,—to launch into its amusements, and to taste its pleasures. My situation might be called a sort of parody on the well-known couplet of the poet:—

> A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

The short admission I had had into the gaieties of London had not satisfied. Had I always been ignorant of them, in my ignorance I should have been contented; but having once had my feet wetted by the spring-tide of luxury, I longed to dash into the depths and the rapids, and to be hurried along the torrent.

"This sentiment soon grew too large for my own single bosom, and I communicated it to Warner. I could not have made a more happy

disclosure for him; for already had he felt the force of Agnes' charms—already had he sworn to supplant me, and make her his own. His active mind was brooding a plan for removing me from the scene of action, when I thus furnished him with one entirely fitted to his purpose.

"My proposal was simple enough: it was to ask my father's leave for a renewed absence, and to get Warner to undertake the task of soothing Agnes' sorrow at my own seeking of a separation for a while. This, however, did not suit the foresightedness of my confidant; his plan required something more than a mere week or two of friendly separation; and he, therefore, urged me to take my departure clandestinely, on the ground that he was sure from what my father had heard in hints from others, and from my own mouth, in shape of anecdote, he would be opposed to any second visit to London. For awhile I withstood this unauthorised absence; but the man of the world was too much for the simple villager,

and, on his promise to soften anger and soothe displeasure, I made my escape from the village on horseback one morning before any of the family were stirring.

"From that hour Warner was triumphant.—— The grey light of dawn is breaking in upon me as I write; and in what I have further to say I must be brief. Neither is it necessary that I should delineate in full all the false and cruel artifices by which he worked his plot to its crowning mischief. Falsehoods unnumbered—insinuated calumnies against my character—forged letters which kept me at a distance, and him in the stronghold, wrought the consummation of his project:—Agnes, in despair of heart at my supposed neglect and infidelity, gave her hand to my treacherous companion.

"Nor was this all. As if to make the devastation of my happiness complete, my father, who had long been suffering more and more severely from the complaint which had forced me to take that first accursed visit to London, sunk under

the disorder, united with the grief he felt at my unexplained absence. An old servant, who had tended me when a babe, and watched each growing year of my life, sought me out with unwearied determination. He found me; and the double news of your mother's marriage and my father's death, burst upon me at once, even as one storm hurls the two dread attributes of Heaven on the unprotected wayfarer that is exposed to the fury of the smiting clouds.

"Those who have not undergone the same blow cannot have imagination for the pang inflicted. Grief, rage, despair, and revenge heaped their accumulated tortures on my soul, and I gave vent to curses, imprecations, and prayers in one and the same moment.

"The servant who discovered me was alarmed at my energy of passion, and, dreading its consequences, despatched a letter to Morfield, with an account of the paroxysm under which I was labouring. But it had not yet reached its height. The more I dwelt on the infernal arts of which

Warner had made use to inveigle my sweet Agnes from her first affections, the more my heart—my whole soul—swelled with inextinguishable fury. They tell of the old martyrs of the church having live coals thrust into the sockets of their eyes, but with me the burning embers had penetrated to the very brain, and I felt as if the fortitude of a thousand men would have been unequal to sustain the anguish which I endured. Warner's form was ever before my imagination :—it even excluded the remembrance of my lost Agnes and my deceased father, and it appeared as if there was to be but one act consummated to complete the drama—Revenge !—Revenge !

"The intenseness with which this single thought took possession of my soul was too much for the strength of my intellect, and the result was a violent attack of the brain fever. The malady held its dominion over me for several weeks, during which time it remained doubtful with the physicians whether I should ever recover further than to be consigned to a madhouse for

the rest of my life. At length I was pronounced to be convalescent, and, after a lapse of more than two months from the first arrival of the news, I was permitted to quit my room.

"The first step that I took when I found myself sufficiently master of my actions, was to make inquiry respecting Agnes. The only intelligence that I could gain was, that Warner, with his wife, had taken his departure from Morfield within a day or two after his hearing of the threats in which I had indulged against him. He was no coward, physically speaking; but he had that within him which made him shrink from the presence of his victim. Whither he had gone no one was able to pronounce—not even his wife's parents, whom, on my arrival at Morfield shortly after, I found complaining bitterly of the unkind treatment they were receiving at the hands of their son-in-law.

"This information well nigh caused a relapse in the delicate state of health to which I was reduced. All the sober reasonings that had been

preached to me by my physicians—and which, indeed, I had begun to preach to myself—of the necessity that there was for my restraining my passions, disappeared at the thought that Warner was behaving with unkindness to Agnes. Could he, indeed, be so all-in-all a monster?—And yet, as her parents well observed, if he was not placing her under restraint, well persuaded were they that their girl would never have suffered so long a period to elapse, without, at least, letting them know to what part of the world her husband had conveyed her. The constant prevalence of this thought in my mind set me upon the task of finding out her hiding-place. By dint of exertions I traced their route to Dover and Calais, and, with no other guide but this, I wildly resolved to search the Continent for the spot whither they had removed. I cannot now look back at the hopeless prosecution of this scheme, without confessing to myself that there was a taint of madness in the thought. Then, however, I thought otherwise, and accusing myself

of being the means of entailing on Agnes the wretchedness which I supposed her to be undergoing, I felt as if my heart dictated me to offer myself as the peace-offering, in the hope that the most unrelaxing exertion would be the means of discovering her retreat.

"With this sentiment in my mind I set forth on my travels, and for six tedious years scrupulously applied myself to the task that I had imposed upon myself. But in vain.—Aye, in vain did I search city and village; in vain did I expose myself to the rigour of a Russian winter, or to the sweltering ray of a Sicilian sun: every effort was fruitless and nugatory; and after having searched every portion of the Continent, not only by myself, but through well-instructed agents, I returned to England and to Morfield, after an absence of more than six years—a man of sorrow and stricken with grief.

"On my arrival at my native village, I found the parents of Agnes had long since died, without even hearing one word from their daughter; and

that her father, who survived his lady but a few months, had willed the whole of his property to public charities.

"For myself, I had nothing further to do, or to hope. The remembrance of Agnes still clung to my heart—somewhat more soberly, but still most anxiously. Each house, each field, each garden of Morfield, assisted the recollection, and I resolved to sit me down there for life, with the memory of past times for my companion, and the thousand cherished mementos of Agnes for my society.

"It was thus that two more years passed away, —and thus, doubtless, my days would ever have been spent,—but for a most unexpected incident. I was sitting one day in my study, trying to tempt myself to read, while thoughts of what had been and what might have been insisted on their right of intrusion, when the servant brought me a letter that had just been delivered by the postman. It was long before I thought of opening it, but at length, finding my ideas would settle on nothing

but those foregone scenes, the recollection of which formed all my melancholy, I opened the letter, on a chance that its contents might for a moment turn me from my source perpetual of inward woe. But what words shall describe my astonishment when I found that the letter was from Agnes! I will not give myself the misery of describing all the heart-rending circumstances that this letter contained. Suffice it to say, it was too apparent from its contents that Warner, having begun his course in villany, had continued it in hard-hearted brutality, and that my gentle, kind, misled Agnes had, from the first hour of her marriage with him, been his slave rather than his wife. Long, very long had she borne this: ignorance of her parents' fate—spy-like watchfulness to prevent the least communication with England—and cruel tauntings on her early regards for me, formed the basis of that superstructure of wretchedness which Warner, in mere recklessness of cruelty, delighted to build around her. Yet still was she the patient wife. But even patience such as hers was to be exhaust-

ed: in a moment of anger brought on by the last of sufferings she reproached him with the miseries he had heaped upon her. It was then indeed that the fiend was let loose: the bully, the tyrant, and the traitor were charactered three in one; and his raging eagerness to make his victim writhe to the very marrow under his harrowing words made him tell all that he had heretofore concealed. With fiend-like bursts of laughter he described how I had been cheated by his devilish arts—in the same spirit he narrated my unwearied search through Europe for the fugitives—and with tenfold, with ten times tenfold barbarity he mapped out in living colours the broken-heartedness of her parents, their still-lingering hope when yet expectation was dead, their death with blank despair for her fate, deep-seated in their just palpitating bosoms. Of all these things he had with cunning wile taken care to inform himself, and what wanted detail he filled out with drafts upon his own demoniac invention. Till this moment Agnes had with resolved spirit of endurance borne every thing that

he had heaped upon her. But the die was now cast—the fiend incarnate stood confessed before her—and deeply within herself did she vow that never again would she dwell or exchange word with the man whom in an evil moment she had made her husband. All this, with many accusations against herself, did she detail to me; and her letter concluded by throwing herself on what she painfully called my generosity for a little pittance for herself and her two children, with whom she had already eloped from her husband.

"Generosity!—Gracious Heaven! was it not I that had brought her to this?—The mad freak of my hey-day blood had cast her into the arms of a wretch on whom the most abandoned of the sex would have been ill bestowed, if deserts were to form his claim: was it not I that had been the originator of this mountain of ill that was overwhelming the frail tenour of her life?—And to appeal to my generosity after that! Oh, Agnes, how my heart bounded when I read the word, to pour at thy feet in act of merest justice the uttermost

farthing my wild wanderings in search of thee had yet left me to bestow!

"But I wander from the letter. Agnes told me that in Geneva she had found a friend—too poor indeed to assist her with money, but rich enough in honour and in conscience to be trusted with worlds and worlds' worth, to whom I was to address my answer. 'But, remember,' added she, 'that answer is to be in writing—the first attempt to discover me separates us for ever not only in person but in act, for never from that moment can I receive kindness or bounty from you. I say this for both our sakes:—our coming together would be the renewal of grief which can never be so healed by absence as to be forgotten, and which a meeting would inevitably lay open to fresh anguish and torture.'

"I could not deny the wisdom of this decision, but I felt a bitter pang at the necessity that there was for our still remaining separate. There was, however, no alternative; and by return of post I sent her my answer, directed to Madame Lalande,

her friend at Geneva, to whom I also wrote, requesting that she would suffer no opportunity to slip in acquainting me with whatever changes might take place in Agnes' situation.

"At this time you, Madeline, were but seven years old, and Albert not quite five. Your mother, through the recommendation of Madame Lalande, installed herself in the Single Cottage at Unwalden; and years passed on, which, if they did not bring happiness to her poor broken spirit, at least afforded her outward peace, and was a sort of paradise compared with the daily and hourly torture of mind she underwent while at the beck of her ill-conditioned husband. At the suggestion of the same kind lady, your mother not only altered her name, but changed your Christian names also, to prevent, as far as possible, any attempt that Warner might make in tracing your retreat, and from that day you became Albert and Madeline Schvolen.

"There is, however, reason to believe that all his attempts to find you were in vain, and that

he never traced your mother's retreat even as far as Geneva. I caused inquiry to be made at Florence, at which place he was residing when your mother fled from him; and, subsequently, at Rome and Naples, whither he was known to have gone in pursuit of her. At Naples it is probable that he met with an untimely end, for in a drunken frolic he made a wager with one of his Bacchanalian companions to penetrate the fortresses of the famous Abruzzi bandit Latroni, and join his troop for one week. He set out on this mad attempt, and doubtless perished in the effort, for never since has he been heard of. As your mother, however, had thought proper to change her name, I resolved, when I deemed it my duty to seek her retreat at Unwalden, to do the same,—not from any apprehensions that I myself entertained, but that I might in every way prove to her the desire that I had to cultivate her tranquillity of mind. It is for this reason that you have always known me by the name of Seaton, and not by that of Mervyn.

" Now let me come to the cause of my visit to Unwalden, and so arrive at the end of the painful task I have been obliged to impose on myself. About three weeks before my arrival here, and while yet at Morfield, I received a letter from Madame Lalande, in which she gave so distressing a picture of your mother's declining health, that I resolved, at all hazards, to visit Unwalden in the hopes of alleviating her sufferings. I felt that the certainty of Warner's death could be better urged upon her by myself than any other person, and I still cherished the hope that happiness might be in store for us.

" I reached Unwalden;—but you know the rest, and my task is at an end.

" Again and again, I have fearful misgivings on the step I am about to take. You are the children of Agnes, and from the first moment I saw you, I forgot in that consideration who your other parent was. But the scene which has taken place between me and Madeline has roused it all within

my heart. Do not be angry with me, child, when I say that I saw in it some of the first buddings of your father's violent temperament—a sacrifice of the sense of what is right at the shrine of passion and impulse. Perhaps this very thing ought to arrest me, in the hope of crushing this early seed by timely care, and it is this that makes me doubt the step to which I am impelled. But with shame I confess that I am unequal to the task. I am a shaken—pithless creature—my spirit gone—my strength of mind exhausted ;—and disappointment is the landmark of my existence.

" I go then, and, in the words of your mother, I say ' the first attempt you make to discover me separates us for ever, not only in person, but in act.' You will find by the inclosed papers that I have made sufficient provision for your worldly welfare.

" Fare ye well, dear ones ! Think of me sorrowfully—not angrily ; and ever as the hot and evil passions of our nature come over you, let my last words come upon your recollection to moderate your temper and awaken better feelings in your bosom.

"And these are my last words.—Be unto one another as the eye is to the understanding. Let the one be ever ready to picture the truth, and the other to give a just interpretation to the record.—Be unto one another as the blossom is to the fruit —the one forerunning an excellent maturity—the other repaying the early foundation from which sprang all its sweetness.

"Fare thee well, Madeline! Fare thee well, Albert! Think of me, and of your mother; and be more happy than either, by learning to avoid the errors from which we have reaped misery for so many years.

"HENRY SEATON."

CHAPTER V.

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right rose agrieved at her sharp reproof,
And followed fast; but when he came in sight
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloof,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proof.
THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me, or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends.
HEYWOOD'S WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

THUS then their fate was sealed:—the world to them was an open and unprofitable waste: they had but themselves to cherish and make much of their misery, for he that should have cared for them was gone, and strangers girt them in on every side.

Sorrow was deep-seated in their hearts. The gentle Albert, gentle as the gentlest portion of his mother's bland spirit, would have wept, not in reproach at his sister's fault, but in sorrow for the kind friend whose smile had been so welcome, and whose motive seemed ever to be their happiness, but who now was as dead to them as the poor Agnes, who at last had found quiet beneath the sod—her first and only resting-place. But even tears did the youth forbid himself when he gazed upon the countenance of his sister, settled into anguish of the deepest die. The letter had told him enough of his sister's fault to make him understand the extremity of her sorrow; but the only advantage he took of his so-gained knowledge was to throw his arms around the poor girl's neck, in the hope of soothing the violence of her grief.

Madeline understood the appeal; and, though neither of them yet had found words to express the sensations that were beating at their hearts, she pressed her brother closer and closer to her

bosom, as though she would more and more tangibly assure herself that he at least of all her sometime good was left to comfort her.

Thus for a while they paused before affliction found its vent. Presently tears flowed bountifully down Madeline's cheeks, and taught Albert's honest eyes to overflow.

When grief has mastery, tears are the presages of words. It is as though the sluices of humanity being ready to be opened, those liquid mute appellants were ever for the van, gently to prepare the way for more sounding demonstration. Let eyes discharge their waters of affliction, and lips are trembling on the instant to avouch their truth.

So with them.

"Madeline—my sister!" said the boy, "let us not in our sorrow forget the only reparation we have it in our power to make to our kind and unhappy uncle; for still must I call this Henry Seaton by the name he taught us. The concluding words of his letter should be a never-failing lesson to our heart,—more cherished, more

regarded, and more followed than the precepts of philosophy, or the truths of nature. Bethink you, my sister, the good man may repent his resolution; and, should he return, what joy, what pride for us, to be able to hold out his own letter to him, and when he asks our doings while he was away, to have for answer, 'The whole has been but a paraphrase of this your own dictation.'"

At the thought of the possibility of Seaton's return Madeline's heart fluttered with a momentary hope; but it was but a passing expectation, for, when she remembered the sad and serious resolutions he had penned, she felt that such a hope was vain, and that they had indeed lost his protection for ever. The whole was a thought of less than a minute, and in reply to Albert she shook her head in mournful silence.

"Nay, dear Madeline, if he return not," continued the youth, made eloquent by the fulness of his affection for the sorrowing maid, "even if he return not, be assured he is not altogether absent. We may not be able to refer to him for each petty

event of our lives, but have we not in his letter a general rule for all that more deeply concerns us? And more than this, my heart teaches me, and will not have the truth of the lesson denied, that, though absent in person, our uncle will still hold watch over us, ready to intervene his friendly arm when danger threatens most."

Still poor Madeline shook her head. Albert understood her; it was as though she would have said, "Oh that that were true!"

"And why not true?" continued her brother; "remember the many weary years his zeal urged him on through Europe's various countries to seek his Agnes; think of the kindness of heart that on Madame Lalande's first intimation tore him away from his habits and long-accustomed home at Morfield to seek our mother's dying bed. Is he not the same man? Do not the same affections and the same goodness still possess his heart? And does not his letter—that sad farewell—abound to the very final syllable with an iteration of the same spirit of love?"

But Madeline still wept for her uncle, and would

not be comforted. So much solace as the words of Albert conveyed was in its turn destroyed by the thought that this poor boy, too, as well as herself, was left desolate by the unguarded vehemence of her temper. Albert, whom nature in its unkindness had rendered most needful of a protector, by her had been deprived of one,—the best, the kindest, and the most affectionate. The thought was overwhelming, and forth in a fresh paroxysm burst her grief.

"Sister," said Albert, almost desperate at the task imposed upon him, "we have but one course to pursue. We will quit Unwalden, and even, as Seaton has done before us, search Europe for our uncle."

Madeline's eyes brightened at the idea. She thought of the eagerness with which she would search each village and each town: her imagination pictured to her with what devotion she would run to the world's extremity for Seaton. Young, romantic, and imaginative, she almost conceived that in the eloquence of her heart she

could persuade kings to sanction, and emperors to proclaim rewards for the discovery of the lost one.

"And yet," continued Albert, "may we forget the caution in his letter? 'The first attempt you make to discover me separates us for ever, not only in person, but in act.'"

The picture was on the instant reversed to Madeline's gaze. Would a man with such a resolution in his heart be found? What were *they?* The children of inexperience, and Unwalden all their earth. What *he?* A man of travels, learned in all the difficulties of a journey. How was one full in his experience of routes and countries to be dogged by a pair, whose only knowledge was the honesty of the single sentiment that would pervade their hearts?

But again Albert spoke; and, as his lips moved, his whole expression brightened at the thought he was about to convey to his sister.

"Madeline," cried he, "will not this do? Unwalden we will quit—Geneva we will seek—

It is there that Madame Lalande lives. She is the friend of Seaton; and be assured either we shall find him there, or at least he will have left token with her what his movements are likely to be."

These few words again removed a portion of the cloud from Madeline's brow. Up to that moment they had been beating about on the sea of uncertainty,—conjecturing, speculating, doubting, wishing, but nothing having. Now something practicable was afloat. Their road to Geneva was plain and easy; it was a postillion's experience, and not their own, on which they had to rely for their route; and when there, it was still to be some one else that was to guide them. They remembered nothing indeed of Madame Lalande, but they could not doubt that she was easily to be met with in Geneva. *They* knew the names of every inhabitant of their own village, and from this deduction it was justly to be argued in their logic that every inhabitant of Geneva knew all his fellows.

With a swiftness of execution which naturally accompanies a temperament so rapid as that of Madeline, she resolved to lose not a moment in proceeding on the journey. Little more than an hour served to communicate the whole of her scheme to Albert, to put the farmer who owned the Single Cottage in present possession of the building till they should return, and to prepare the chaise that was to convey them towards the city, where it was decisive in Madeline's mind that something of Seaton was to be ascertained.

Madeline, her active mind once impregnated with the idea that success was at the bottom of her plan, did all. As for Albert, he was but a machine in her hands—a willing instrument, however, for he saw each moment add fresh brightness to his sister's looks, fresh courage to her eye; so that to him it appeared as if each step that was taken advanced them from misery towards happiness.

The chaise arrived at the Single Cottage: every thing was ready: a moment more, and Albert and

Madeline would have had their once happy abode behind them, perhaps never to be revisited. But even before that moment elapsed, their progress was prevented by the appearance of Wahrend. He knew nothing of what had taken place; and the usual hour for his visit to the cottage being arrived, he was there, full of expectation that the intercession of the senior had carried his point, and that Madeline was prepared to listen to his proposals.

The chaise at the door was a little beyond his comprehension, but he had no time to inquire of the postillion its destination, for at that instant Madeline made her appearance, fully equipped for her journey.

"What, you the traveller, Madeline!" cried Wahrend; "whither away, dear girl?"

Heavens, what a sensation came over Madeline at that instant! From the moment of Seaton's departure, she had not once given a thought to Wahrend. But now he rushed upon her presence like some ill-omened ghost, and her heart sick-

ened to the death: a thousand thoughts at once took possession of her brain, each harrowing deeper than the other. "Confusion worse confounded" was upon her, and she tottered as though she would have fallen to the earth.

Wahrend, with scarcely time to be astonished, threw his arm round her waist for support.

"My dear Madeline!" exclaimed he.

The perception of being within his embrace restored her strength, and she flung herself from his arms with that sort of expression of horror which escapes the lips when the whole frame's blood is curdling with disgust.

Wahrend was astounded. He had not words wherewith to remonstrate.

"Man," cried Madeline, with uncontrollable energy, "is it not enough that you have robbed me of my mother's dying blessing, and forced my uncle hence, without wringing my heart with a presence that speaks it all in words of bitterest anguish. Evil was the hour when first I saw you! Evil—thrice evil!"

Albert by this time had followed his sister from the cottage. He had already half-guessed that Wahrend was the corner-stone of the dispute between his sister and Seaton, and her manner now confirmed it.

"Sister," whispered he, as she was going on to pour out her wrath against the innocent cause of what had been nurtured into evil fruit by her own ungovernable violence—"Sister, remember our uncle's letter!—Remember the sacredness of our present mission!"

The appeal was effective; for the chord on which it struck was too newly fretted not to be sensitive to the merest touch. Her passion dropped; and she resolved, what a thousand times before had been a resolution, for ever and for ever to master these outrageous proceedings of a hasty mind.

"Wahrend," said she, more gently, "my anger may be wrong; and I will therefore exchange what I intended for a command into a supplication. Never,—oh, never again let us

meet! Once before I said this to you. Let it now come with tenfold solemnity to your soul; and as you would not inflict fresh misery on a creature all too miserable already, I beseech you never again let us cross each other's path."

Wahrend would have replied, but, too swift for words, she sprang into the carriage, and, having beckoned Albert to follow, the chaise drove off, leaving the poor Swiss as desolate as he was astounded.

CHAPTER VI.

Sweet pleasure!
Delicious pleasure! Earth's supremest good,
The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood.
DECKER.

That which a man is bre up in he thinks no cheating; as your tradesman thinks not so of his profession, but calls it a mystery. SELDEN'S TABLE TALK.

THE orphans' road to Geneva led them through the village of Unwalden. It would have saved them both something of pain had it been otherwise, for the sight of the well-known objects which each moment flitted past them awakened them to a sense of the danger of the step they were taking; and the "curious busy eye" of the street-loiterers that met their gaze, told them that

all beyond what might be called their native village was a perilous maze of uncertainty and suspicion. They were quitting—for ever, perhaps, —the only place where they were known—the only place they knew. All the rest of the world was to them as the great African desert is to the eager merchant that seeks the cities beyond its fearful bounds. Albert, to a certain extent, was in leading-strings; he had resigned himself to the guidance of his elder and more venturous companion, and whatever misgivings he might have were more than compensated by the thought that the act, in the commission of which he was engaged, was furnishing satisfaction to the human being that he loved best. The lad's heart was a sea of affection that knew no ebb, but was ever ready to acknowledge the impulse of the spring-tide of love. But Madeline, the more he resigned himself to her, the more she had to consider; and the thoughts that possessed her, as she passed through Unwalden, were fit and comparable associates for those which Cæsar held when

he stood in debate with Pollio on the banks of the Rubicon. It was not too late to return. Seaton by his letter had placed a skaunt mirror before her eyes, and had compelled her to see every thing "with a difference." Was she indeed in the commencement of an attempt that should deprive Albert and herself of the very means of existence? Could Seaton really have been in earnest when he threatened that an effort to find him would cause him to withdraw his bounty?

This was a heart-heavy question; and more than once the word trembled on her lips that should stop the postillion, and cause him to return to the Single Cottage.

But presently other thoughts relieved the feverish anxiety of her mind. What was her motive? Surely any thing but selfishness, or a cold-hearted indifference to the happiness of others. She wanted to restore Albert to Seaton's fostering protection. For herself, she cared not. Give her but an opportunity to throw herself at her uncle's feet, and ask his forgiveness for

what had been rash, but not wicked, in her conduct, and she would not flinch at his casting her off, and leaving the world and her to fight out the battle of good and evil.

This thought resolved her. She would go on: —nay, she would do more. With the sincerest hope of showing what amelioration genuine penitence and sorrow could work upon her mind, she would summon that mind to the use of all its proper and native strength: she would dismiss the more worthless particles of grief, and only reserve so much as should give sobriety and dignity to her purpose.

There was something consolatory in all this; it cheered her to the labours that were fast spreading before her, and it braced her heart to that vigour of action which would command half the victory.

Albert, to whom her countenance was as a never-ending book, read what her passing thoughts there set down; and before the carriage arrived at the inn where they were to stop for the night,

both brother and sister felt that half their troubles were over, in the consciousness that they had gained strength to bear the whole of them.

The auberge, at which they put up, was a delightful specimen of a Swiss road-side inn. The low roof, far spreading beyond the walls which it sheltered, was nearly overrun with the luxuriance of a vine, which, in its turn, crept up those walls to shelter the roof: near at hand stood a rude model of 'purple Bacchus, jolly god;' and the tendrils of the luxuriant creeper seemed to stretch towards him, that they might afford him a crown worthy of his reputation. The deep panelled door, always open to welcome the wayfarer, proclaimed an age gone by; while the smoking chimney as evidently announced that hospitality had not yet forsaken the antique dwelling.

When our two young travellers descended from their conveyance, they were ushered into the kitchen,—that huge receptacle for all sorts of guests, from the highest to the lowest on the Continent,—where sat two or three of that mixed

sort which might be expected to be the chance product of such a place. Albert and Madeline both cast their eyes uneasily round the room, for both felt that at that moment they were no fit companions for so promiscuous a company; there were many things yet to be talked over, many points to be considered, all of which required solitude and quiet.

Madeline at length took courage to inquire for a private room, though she hardly knew whether in so doing she was not infringing the rule of road into which that day was her first initiation; and truly it is not every inn in Switzerland that can boast of the accommodation which she was seeking. Fortune, however, this time was on her side, and the good woman of the house showed them into a little apartment up stairs, adorned with a venerable portrait of William Tell, or Moses; for on this particular there was a standing dispute of many years between the hostess and her husband,—where every thing seemed as promising of tranquillity and uninterruptedness as even Madeline could desire.

Scarcely, however, were they fairly established in their retirement, when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard clattering at the door of the hostel. Madeline, with the thought of Seaton ever uppermost in her mind, could not help casting a glance from the window of her apartment, with a hope that was hardly acknowledged to herself. That one glance, however, was sufficient to check the embryo, for her eye told her at once that there was no uncle among the gay and noisy party that had just made the road-side inn their resting-place.

But who is he that rides so gay and debonair among the foremost of the knot? It is the young Count de Mara, the pride of the party, the very oracle and chief commander of the troop, the aspiring spirit to whom all lesser looked for the life of the day, the high master and promoter of all their mad revels and hey-day frolics.

As we have said, it was not alone that De Mara approached the road-side inn. Half a dozen sparkling gallants rode in his company,

and ever and anon they made the old rocks that overhung the road by which they travelled echo to their laughter. The joke, the bon-mot, and the repartee passed briskly from the one to the other; but it was when the Count spoke that the loudest laugh followed; and it was in answer to his tropes and figures that the gay welcome of enjoyment was most freely ceded. He was, as it were, the Mercury of the party; the very head and front of all that was joyous amongst them, and from whom the remainder were content to borrow their tone and lustre.

"An inn! and in good time!" cried the young Chevalier Altoz, who was the first to perceive the abode where we have for a while safely housed the orphans of Unwalden.

"Gentlemen," said the Count, "I know what admirable Quixotes ye be,—Altoz claiming no less than to come from Mancha himself. For the nonce we will castellate yonder inn, that we may adjudge ourselves the more honour in taking it by storm. Forward! Charge!"—

And away the party galloped for their destination, pricking their horses to as venturous a pace as though their course lay over some wide undeviating plain, instead of along a track barely nicked into the slant of a rock, with a cliff on the one hand and a precipice on the other.

They neared the inn, and in another minute clattered up to the door, each at his fullest speed. The landlord was pretty well aghast at this new accession of company: it was something quite out of his routine, and he knew no more of what would be fitting behaviour to put on, than if he had been called upon at the moment to give the becoming salaam to the Emperor of China on being summoned to the footstep of the celestial throne. One look was a sufficer; he saw that the whole cortége was beyond his element, and he left the affair in the more skilful hands of his wife.

She, good woman, fumed and bustled; but it was not much that remained for her to do. The intruders, finding the door open, took it for granted that the garrison surrendered at discre-

tion; whereon they rushed into the kitchen to see what plunder was to be had, and, after a while, called on the landlord, *quà* commandant, to offer his terms of capitulation.

The landlord, however, declined in favour of the hostess. It was a wise policy: the besiegers, in regard to the fair sex, consented to sink the castle, and stand upon the fact of their being mere guests at an inn.

Wine was brought; such eatables as the place could afford were produced; and in a few minutes the roof of the kitchen was taught, as the rocks before it, to echo to the tune of their merriment.

"But, most noble Count," cried Altoz, taking advantage of a pause in the conversation, "with all respect for the powers and skill of so renowned a leader, will it not please you to allow your followers by this time to know the reasons for bringing them so many miles from Geneva?"

"And on so rough a road too!" said another of the party: "as I hope to see Geneva again, and

never more look down a precipice five hundred feet deep with blackness at the bottom ;—nothing but a most just reason will content me."

"A reason you would have," cried the Count; "listen to a most just one. I brought you here for pleasure!"

"Pleasure!" exclaimed three or four at once.

"I claim the right of interpreting," said one who might be taken for the eldest of the party, and who on that ground was desirous of being held somewhat oracular in his observations.

"List, oh, list to the Pythoness," cried Altoz.

"For shame, Chevalier," joined the Count; "what! make an old woman of Maravelli, and at least a year before his time too?"

"Nor only that," added the one who had complained of the roughness of the road, and whom De Mara ludicrously distinguished by the title of 'Mon Petit,' to which he had about as small a claim as the celebrated English Little John of Greenwood-tree fame—"nor only that, but an old woman, and a witch to boot—else I have forgotten my schooling."

"The laws against witchcraft in Switzerland are very severe," gravely remarked Altoz.

"Nay, be of good cheer, Maravelli," said the Count; "it is only in Catholic Switzerland that they will give you the chance of sinking or swimming: here you may enjoy your *otium cum dignitate*, secure under the banner of Calvin."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I demand fair play," cried Maravelli somewhat hastily: "you are fond of calling yourselves 'The Knot,'—and with good cause, for you draw so close together that one cannot get in a word among ye. Here you have set me down for a witch without waiting to learn whether I had wisdom enough to support the character."

"Good reason why," cried Altoz; "we judged your merits by the beard."

This produced a laugh against the Italian, for of all things he prided himself on the care with which he cultivated the adornment to which Altoz had so maliciously alluded.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, peevishly, "if

you choose to let the Count off at my expense it is all very well."

"Truly remarked," cried Mon Petit; "I claim a verdict against the Count, or a sufficing reason from him, for my whole frame is involved in one perpetual ache with the jolting I and my horse have received over these intolerable roads. The animal is twenty louis worse in value than when he quitted his stable this morning."

"I will stand," said De Mara, "on the reason I have already given. I brought you here for pleasure."

"And I will stand on my interpretation," cried Maravelli, again pushing himself forward: "the Count has omitted a little word wherein lies the difference; not for pleasure, but for *his* pleasure has he brought us here."

"Maravelli is a wise interpreter," cried Mon Petit, "on the faith of a jolted gentleman."

"Then is he a good witch," said the Count, "that stands confessed on his own pleading, and his beard may come off with a *sauve qui peut*."

"The Count plays his game skilfully," exclaimed Maravelli, "and hopes to be quit by a counter-attack, but I trust to the support of The Knot that his strength may not escape through my weakness."

"A verdict, or a defence," cried those that were appealed to.

"Now can I call you no other than the most ungrateful of men," replied De Mara; "were you not when I called you together this morning yawning and dozing your faculties away—wondering what next you might do to get rid of the too long hours? Have I not tempted you from the weariness of brick buildings and regulated streets to the rock-raised marvels of nature, and the wildernesses of the same creation, knowing neither law nor rule save the eternal, which hath fitness for its foundation? Have I not in my bounty—but save me from a defence, wherein the poetic has so large a share, in a public kitchen. Yonder bumpkin looks as if he could swallow rocks and wildernesses both at a mouthful."

"The offender," cried Altoz, "has some sort of claim to our consideration, for his defence opened well, though I am afraid that what he admits to be poetic will end in fiction. Call hither our hostess, however, and we will indulge him with a private room. Good dame," continued he, seeing the landlady at hand, "what can you do for us in the way of an apartment to ourselves?"

The hostess, thus queried, was full of apologies, that her house could afford no better accommodation for persons of their rank; but the only room to which the term private could be given, was already occupied by a young lady and gentleman, who were resting there for the night on their journey towards Geneva.

"Are you quite sure," cried Maravelli, "that there is a gentleman as well as a lady of the party? for if not," added he, looking significantly at the Count, "I should be strongly confirmed in interpretation of the word 'pleasure,' which I so lately offered to the notice of The Knot."

"Oh dear, yes," said the hostess; "the gen-

tleman is the brother of Mademoiselle ; but, poor young man, he was born deaf;—at least so says Zuroff here, who is well acquainted with Unwalden, from which place they are travelling to Geneva. For my part, I can't think how they have taught him to speak so prettily, if he can't hear a word that has been said to him all his life."

"The young lady," cried Altoz, "must find him but dull company. What say you, hostess, will you be the bearer of our respects, and an addition to the effect that we shall be glad to join her company for the evening, or even to see her safe to Geneva (as it is that road she travels) at her own time and opportunity?"

"I am afraid the message would but ill accord," replied the good dame, "for they both appear in a somewhat melancholy mood, and I could see their eyes glisten so moistly, dear souls, that it seemed to want but little to make their glistening tears."

"Poor things!" cried Mon Petit, "from my soul I pity them: to-morrow's road once at-

tempted, and the tears will be jolted from them, if they are indeed to-night so near the full."

"And so, Goody," asked Altoz, "you hold my message to be naught?"

"Truly, sir, all is naught that injures. The young lady's mind is in no cue for such visiters."

"But are you sure," cried De Mara, "that your conclusions are correct? Instances," added he, looking at Maravelli,—"instances have been known of false interpretations of the simplest matters."

"Oh, sir," cried our hostess, somewhat tartly, at having her womanly powers of penetration questioned; "it is no difficult matter to know what downcast looks, unsteady steps, and tearful eyes signify. I would not disturb them, if I had a right; and even that I have not, for the room is theirs till they choose to resign it."

And thus having told all she knew, all she concluded, and all she determined, the good woman set busily about cooking some little dish that Madeline had ordered for supper, and with

which she was resolved to take extraordinary pains, as it was to be partaken of by 'the poor young gentleman who was born deaf.'

Maravelli seemed determined to let no interval effect the Count's escape; for no sooner had the hostess concluded her little narrative about the interesting pair that were sojourning at her hostel, than he revived the accusation against him again.

"What say you, gentlemen of The Knot," said he, "shall we not generously spare De Mara the trouble of a defence, and in our mercy proceed to judgment? My brain is dancing even now with the universal shaking it has undergone. The least we can do is to mulct him in the day's expenses."

"A judgment! A judgment!" cried two or three of the party.

"Gently, gently, my worthies," interrupted the Count; "would you have me declare you to the world the very princes of ingratitude? I will not shrink from any thing in the shape of a fair proposal; and now the whim is on me, will even

make one. Here are Maravelli, the complainant, and De Mara, the defendant. I give our respected interpreter this offer. I will wager the day's expenses, which he has so liberally proposed to place to my account, that I not only join the party upstairs, but am invited to partake—nay, more, actually *do* partake in their supper."

"A fair proposal, and as fairly taken," cried Maravelli. "I accept the wager, but on one condition, that you ask not for the supper, but are freely and fairly invited to it."

"My very terms," said the Count.

"But will it be fair," asked Altoz, "after our hostess's pretty story, to trespass on the poor girl's seclusion? I protest I have quite a picture of their sorrows before my eyes, and am mightily taken with the scene."

"On the faith of a gentleman," answered De Mara, "it shall be done most graciously on my part: perhaps a little romance may creep in, but nothing offensive. Am I not a Frenchman, and the most devoted of my nation to the service of

beauty? Tell me, then, when does it look so lovely, and when has it so great a claim on such vows as I have taken in its favour, as when it is overborne by the heaviness of sorrow? The bland smile, the cunning dimple, and the laughing eye, all in my estimation give place to the young bud that has its sweets closed, not crushed, under the clouds of affliction."

"Bravo," cried a Spaniard, one of the party; "the fit is on De Mara, and I would not give a maravedi for poor Maravelli's chance."

"It is no fit," said De Mara, "but the settled conviction of my mind. I have no objection to a smile; heaven forbid that I should, for many a sweet one have I had lavished on me. But women always appear to me to think that they were made to smile. They carry their smiles about with them, as they do their parasols in sunny weather; and that man is a bold one who shall undertake to pronounce on the genuineness of each that flits across a lady's cheek. Tell a fair one that she looks like Venus fresh from

her native sea, and she smiles while she cries 'Oh, fie!' Tell her that her favourite gossip lies sick of the small-pox, and she smiles, while she cries, 'How I pity the poor soul!'"

"But all this argues nothing in favour of sorrow."

"Pardon me! It gains half the battle. Destroy your opponent's argument, and you have already nearly secured an easy victory for your own. But I have stronger grounds on which to set my position. I am in love with a pretty woman's affliction for its own intrinsic excellences. In the first place, it has novelty to recommend it: a woman never looks grieved for the look's sake: she may falsely write pleasure, sulkiness, slyness, or wisdom, on the look of her countenance, but when sadness is there, it has the heart's honesty to justify it. A woman's heart was never made for grief; its fine elasticity enables it to get rid of sorrow as the breeze of spring drives the April cloud beyond the demi-cerulean; so that what might otherwise be painful has its sting extracted

by the reflection, that yet a little, and the eye's dulness will pass away, and you feel that you must be quick in enjoying the melting novelty, or the opportunity will have vanished, and left no trace behind. But novelty is not the only recommendation. Sadness gives a delightful sobriety to a countenance, otherwise too much in sunshine. A picture all gamboge affords no enjoyment—so a face all sunshine, and for ever, approaches the *usque ad nauseam:* if you know not darkness you cannot appreciate the advantage of light; and when you find a lady's face never otherwise than smiling, it is time to suspect a want of meaning—a blank within."

"Most admirably delivered," cried Maravelli, "and I begin to fear the fate of my wager."

"And now for its execution," said De Mara;—"you have made your bargain with me, and I, in return, condition that none of The Knot are either to recognise me, or notice my proceedings, whatever they may be, unless I should call upon them to do so."

The condition was accepted, and De Mara withdrew to make his preparations. Zuroff, to whom the landlady had alluded in her conversation, and the postillion that drove the orphans to the auberge, were summoned to his council, in order that he might know, as far as possible, on what grounds he might be able to rest his scheme. Things were put in motion on all hands; and the Count, whose very soul was project, seemed absorbed in the luxury his nature derived from the operations in which he was soon plunged to his heart's content.

CHAPTER VII.

What an ill orator has virtue got here!
MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY'S FAIR QUARREL.

Ceremony has made many fools.
It is by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves.—OLD PLAY.

As no one was present at the Count's course of inquiry with Zuroff and the postillion, it is difficult to pronounce how much information he obtained from them as to the true state of our young travellers' condition. A departure from Unwalden in a travelling carriage, however, was so far a rarity, that it cannot be doubted that such an event,

when coupled with the fact of its being undertaken by a young lad and his sister, who, till that day, had been supposed to form part of the most staid and sober family in the village, gave rise to that freedom of speculation in which people will indulge, who think it preferable to attend to other persons' affairs than to their own. Some of these profound and illustrating speculations must of course have reached the ear of the postillion, for he was in a manner the nucleus wherein all these conjectures centered, seeing that he was the only member connected with the departure at whom the gossips could get for the purpose of talking over their infinite nothings, which formed a budget worthy of Sancho Panza's most talkative intervals.

Whatever the postillion knew, either from his own or these most veritable sources, was most unquestionably made over to De Mara, for it was impossible for the driver of horses to withstand the touch of a Louis-d'or, especially when the purchase in return was merely a tale of babble, that,

for aught he cared, any body might have had for nothing, when no larger sum was to be got by it. Zuroff's brain fully admitted the force of the same argument; and the consequence was, that their knowledge on the subject, whatever its extent might be, was speedily made over to him who paid so liberal a largesse to obtain it.

We cannot take upon ourselves to say that De Mara was satisfied with the information that had thus been gained. But here was no matter of choice: —it was one of sheer necessity. All that was to be learned for the nonce he had obtained; and on that capital, whether large or small, he was bound by the limit of his wager to trade this venture.

Thus far armed then towards his success, and seeing no obstacle to his at least entering the apartment where Madeline and her brother had taken up their quarters for the evening, he proceeded thither at once, determined to trust to his own vein of invention to excuse the intrusion which he meditated. Matters, however, were not destined to run quite so smooth. Just as he had gained the

landing that led to their room, and deemed himself safely within sight of harbour, he was met by the landlady, who was that moment quitting her young guests, having again forced herself upon them in her officiousness to make the orphans, whom she had greatly taken into her favour, as comfortable as her means might afford.

"Sir," cried she, somewhat surprised at finding the nobleman in this forbidden part of the auberge, "you must have mistaken your way. It is down stairs that your friends are carousing."

"By no means," replied De Mara, internally cursing his evil stars at being thus crossed upon the very threshold of the undertaking—"by no means, my good lady. It is your wine, and not I, that has mistaken the way. The air below is somewhat close:—now, in yonder room, if I might be indulged with a window-seat and five minutes' enjoyment of the mountain breeze, I will warrant the abatement of the oppressiveness I feel."

"It is no bedchamber, that," said the hostess, drily:—"nor does it even contain a couch; and

without the one or the other, I fear the relief you seek is somewhat questionable."

"Oh, for shame, hostess, for shame!" cried De Mara, "would you do your own liquor so little credit as to insinuate that it must be slept off? I tell you, dame, five inspirations of pure air from yon window, of which I caught a glimpse as you opened the door, would work a miracle towards my recovery, and save the character of your vintage into the bargain."

"Sir, to be brief, into that room you must not enter. I pray you in courtesy to descend——"

"I never descend," interrupted the Count with a laugh, "especially after a carouse.—*Va là!* In good sooth I must pass." And he began playfully to endeavour to elude the hostess, who resolutely kept her ground between him and the door of Madeline's apartment, while she cried—"Now, good Sir:—indeed, as a gentleman;—you will force me to call the servants!"

The Count in part gained his point;—not, indeed, that he obtained an ingress, but she whom

he sought appeared at the door by which he would have entered.

"Good hostess," said Madeline, mournfully, "I intreat that this noise may be spared. I am as one distraught already."

"Indeed," replied the mistress of the auberge, more than ever angered that her guest should have been disturbed, "indeed, it rests not with me. This uncivil person—for I no longer know him as a gentleman—would have forced an entrance into your apartment, and I only sought to stop him."

"Force an entrance!" cried Madeline, and her eye half-kindled to its wonted fire at the thought of her melancholy privacy being intruded upon.

The nobleman saw his danger, and that there was not a moment to spare, for scarcely so long did the opportunity promise to last.

"Nay," cried he, "one word in defence! Our hostess has somewhat overcharged the statement. I was but faint with heat, and sought the nearest window, little imagining that in so doing I should disturb any lady's right of solitude. I wish," ad-

ded he, suffering his tone to brighten on, perceiving that the maiden bowed in acknowledgment of his apology, "I wish that the good dame would take a lesson from the way in which I saw another of her sisterhood tend a traveller this morning on his road to Geneva. The poor old gentleman seemed to have ridden to the utmost of his strength, for scarcely was he off his horse, when his head drooped, and his countenance turned ashy pale."

Madeline was caught in the first cast of the wily fisher's net. An elderly stranger on his way to Geneva, his strength worn out with riding. The whole picture stuck hard upon her heart.

"Ah, my obstinate hostess," continued De Mara, warily following up his advantage, "then might you have taken a lesson from the good dame of the *Bouteille de Vin*. Had you seen how she cherished the elder,—how she pillowed his weak head on her shoulder,—how she supported his tottering steps into the house,—you would have felt proud of the opportunity my dizziness lately

afforded you of imitating so admirable an example."

"Good Sir," cried Madeline, eagerly, "I pray you walk in. The window and the room are heartily at your service.—Perhaps," continued she, with a slight tremor in her voice,—and they entered the room together—"perhaps you may remember somewhat further of this story.—I—I—feel deeply interested—in—"

And then no longer able to withhold herself, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Dear Madam," exclaimed the Count, soothingly, "any thing I may remember or know is entirely at your command. The gentleman, of whom I spoke, was a reverend elder,—if I might guess, I should say a clergyman, save that the serenity of his countenance, which I could trace to be its habit, was disturbed, and convulsive involuntary movements would spread themselves over his fine face, as though it were responsive to the inward workings of a troubled heart."

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" sobbed Madeline.—"Oh

that mine had been the shoulder—the bosom to pillow his afflicted head! By all that is sacred, I intreat you to guide me to the inn where you left him in his sorrow. Why should the darkness of night stay us? A heavier darkness overshadows his peace, and a thousand guilty stings call on me to speed to his injured presence, and sigh out my repentance at his feet."

De Mara was somewhat confounded at the suddenness of this request. For himself, he did not care much about the proprieties, but it was somewhat beyond his calculation to find so young and beautiful a female thus throwing herself upon the honour and guidance of a stranger at a bare moment's notice. The most annoying point, however, was, that he was a little too far involved in fiction to avail himself of the offer; for, with all his ingenuity, he doubted whether he could find a *Bouteille de Vin*, where an elderly gentleman had been so obliging as to faint away for the occasion. Consummate, then, as he was in the arts of deceit, the whole of these difficulties, facing him at

once, made him pause for a moment ere he furnished a reply to the maiden's eager petition.

"You hesitate!" cried Madeline:—"indeed,—indeed—"

"If I hesitate," answered the Count, "it is from the fear that what I have to say may wound your excited feelings more than I could wish."

Madeline became alarmed, and the blood was with her cheek, and away again, in less than a moment. At length,—"If," said she, "there is yet worse for me to hear, be merciful, and deliver it quickly. You would say that my uncle—"

"Your uncle! Was that reverend indeed your uncle?—Then it was fortunate that I stayed at the *Bouteille de Vin* long enough to see the end of the affair."

"Fortunate!—End!" cried Madeline;—"oh, for mercy, what end?"

"Nay, be not alarmed," answered the Count. "When I said that I might wound your feelings, it was because I had to confess my incompetency to conduct you to your uncle; for before I quitted

the *Bouteille de Vin,* he had so far recovered from the fatigue which had overpowered him as to mount his horse again, and proceed on his road towards Geneva."

Madeline for the moment felt relieved. It was true she had lost her present chance of meeting with Seaton, but she had gained the knowledge that that which had raised such terrible apprehensions in her mind had passed off as a momentary sickness, and not unfitted him whom she sought for the renewal of his journey.

" But perhaps," continued she after a pause, and with one sole object still in view,—" perhaps he mentioned at the inn where he was likely to stay on his arrival at Geneva ?"

" That could hardly be," returned the nobleman, " for I was with him the whole time that he rested at the *Bouteille de Vin;* and I could not avoid observing that there was a secresy about his intentions, which he was determined to preserve, and which appeared to have entire concealment of his motions for its object.

Madeline sighed; but still her heart was somewhat at rest with the thought that she had procured certain information of Seaton's progress to Geneva, and that Madame Lalande's abode there still furnished a hope that she might be able to trace him as soon as she reached that city.

The recurrence of that lady's name to her thoughts brought it to her utterance.

"May I ask, Sir," said she, "if you are an inhabitant of Geneva?"

"It is at present my abode," replied the Count, "but I am a native of France."

"Possibly you may know a lady of the name of Lalande, a resident in Geneva?"

The Count was obliged to acknowledge himself ignorant on that point; "but was it essential to Mademoiselle to procure that lady's address?"

The answer to this question led to further conversation, in the course of which Madeline, who in her calamitous situation was ready to look upon any one that would listen to her misfortunes in the light of a friend, was induced to

relate the circumstances which had brought her thus far from Unwalden on her road to Geneva. The stranger had already shown himself interested in her story; he had even in a manner acted a part in the little drama of the day; and she saw no necessity to suppress those fuller details, of which he had already gathered the outlines by those passionate exclamations to which she had yielded when the memory of Seaton was so vividly presented to her mind. It is one of the attributes of a frank and candid disposition, uncontaminated by the world's cold selfishness, to believe that all others, with which it may come in contact, are cast in the same mould; and it adopts in all the consciousness of its own sincerity of intention the first overtures that are made to it in the way of kindness.

It is impossible for words to do justice to the manner in which Madeline related her simple story; and Count de Mara, all-accomplished as he was in the ways of women, was compelled

to acknowledge to himself that this was nature indeed,—nature in her loveliest shape, to which till that moment he had been a stranger. Up to this period he had looked upon the knowledge and interpretation of women as a sort of science, to which by right of innumerable instances he had fully attained. But here was something with which he had never met before. It was impossible to resist the enthusiastic praises which Madeline lavished on the care-bent Seaton;—it was impossible to gainsay the generous indignation with which she upbraided herself for having caused his departure so abruptly and unkindly;—it was impossible to listen to the sweet flow of eloquence with which she bedecked her brother's character without believing that he must be every thing worthy of being loved, if capable of drawing such words from a being, herself so lovely and persuasive.

It was well for the Count, perhaps, that Madeline's ardent detail called for no interruption on his part; or, with all his ready wit and

spirit of invention, he might have forgotten the character up to which he had to act, and have so irretrievably lost himself in truth as to be unable to recover the tortuous path which he loved so well, and out of which (so much had habit prevailed) he felt himself beyond his element.

Ere she paused, however, he had found time to resolve his mind as to what course he would pursue; and with this object before him, he led her to speak of her future prospects—of what she expected, what she hoped, and what she feared.

"But after all," continued Madeline, "the whole must depend on my meeting with Madame Lalande. After what I have related to you," added she, "you will not be surprised when I tell you that I look upon this old friend of my mother as the best known hope I have in the world, either to restore me to my uncle, or, in his absence, to guide my steps aright."

De Mara's eyes kindled at this announcement,

which so well accorded with the plan that he had already concocted in his mind.

Madeline perceived it. "You smile, Sir," said she; "I hope it bodes good fortune for your suppliant."

"It is at the thought that I may be able to discover this Madame Lalande for you," replied the Count.

"Oh, Sir, do that, and indeed you will prove my friend."

"I have a friend below," continued De Mara, "who is much better acquainted with Geneva than I can pretend to be, as he has resided there for some years. We will consult him, with your permission; and at all events, if he knows not the lady, he may be able to point out some method by which her place of residence is likely to be found."

Madeline intreated the Count to request the presence of his friend immediately; and he accordingly withdrew for that purpose.

Ere many minutes had elapsed, and almost

before Madeline had found time to communicate by signs to Albert what was taking place in the prosecution of their object, De Mara returned with the Chevalier Altoz, and introduced him by that name to the lady.

"We are indeed fortunate," continued the Count, "for the Chevalier is not only acquainted with Madame Lalande by name, but has a slight personal knowledge of her also; so that you have only to reach Geneva to meet with her directly."

Madeline could hardly believe that she heard aright, for so convinced was she, that through Madame Lalande she should be able to trace Seaton, that the finding this lady appeared to her to be the cast upon which she had set her soul; and to have the introduction to her thus easily unravelled, was an event almost beyond her expectation; for, although on Albert first originating the idea, the thing had appeared easy to her unsophisticated mind, yet subsequent reflection, and some conversation which she had

had on the matter with the postillion and the hostess, had had the effect of considerably damping her hopes.

"And may I trust to your friend," said she, almost with rapture in her voice, "to guide me to the dear lady, on whom all my hopes of happiness are now resting?"

"Most assuredly," said Altoz; "and I cannot but congratulate myself on being able at so cheap a rate to oblige a lady, who has a right, both from circumstances and appearance, to command all my services."

"And what sort of a lady is my dear Madame Lalande?" asked Madeline, whose heart was overflowing at the thought of meeting her on the morrow, and who was eager to be prepared on all points for the approaching interview.

Altoz looked somewhat confused, while De Mara stopped any thing he might have attempted to say with a laugh, observing—"Poor Chevalier! you could not have asked him a more unlucky question. Sorry am I already to have to an-

nounce my friend's failings on so short an acquaintance; but, in honest truth, never was there a man of less observation. If he had seen Madame Lalande a thousand times, I will venture to say he would hardly know whether she was a giant or a dwarf. I can give it you as a fact ——"

"No facts, De Mara," cried Altoz with a half-blush: "as to your comments, when this lady knows you as well as I do, she will understand the spirit in which they are made, and heed them as little."

"Oh, but you must have the fact," continued the Count, "it illustrates so beautifully. Believe me, dear Madam, this gentleman, modest though he seems, had the assurance, when in Spain, to propose to some Don Magnifico or another for his daughter; and by dint of certain rumours that went abroad touching the largeness of his fortune and the ancient blood that flowed in his veins, he obtained permission to make a visit of form. His audience lasted an hour and a half.—

Heaven only knows what Sir Bashful found to say to occupy all that time; but when I sought him to learn his success, and was all impatience for a most florid description of the lady, he positively broke down on the very first stage, not being quite sure whether her hair was auburn or black."

The laugh that De Mara raised against his friend by this anecdote was interrupted by the entry of the landlady, who, with not the pleasantest look in the world, whispered Madeline.

"Let the supper be brought in," said the maiden aloud, "for I trust both these gentlemen will give me the favour of their company."

Altoz gave the Count a look of participating triumph, as much as to say, "So your wager is won!" While the hostess, astonished at the fluctuation of her young guest, who but a short time before had made it her special request to be left alone and uninterrupted, protested that she had only prepared enough for two, and that

were the party doubled, she should be unable to provide sufficient.

"My good friend, the hostess," said De Mara with a laugh, "need not alarm herself, for both the Chevalier and myself are absolutely compelled to reach Geneva to-night, and consequently have not the hour to spare which otherwise would be so well bestowed, of availing ourselves of Mademoiselle's obliging invitation."

Altoz stared as if he did not well comprehend the game his friend was playing; but at length imagining that he was only fighting off to be pressed more zealously to stay, he exclaimed, "Do not you think our business at Geneva might be postponed till to-morrow?"

"I trust so indeed," added Madeline, "for I had hoped to be ushered by you into Geneva, that my meeting with Madame Lalande might be rendered the more assured."

"That meeting most assuredly shall be made certain," replied the nobleman, "though unavoidable business prevents our staying to super-

intend your journey to the city. The roads, however, are perfectly safe, and your postillion to-morrow morning will drive you under your directions to the hotel which is known by the name of the *Coq d'Or*, where it shall be our care to be in attendance to receive you, for the purpose of conducting you to Madame Lalande at least, if any unforeseen circumstance should prevent her coming to the hotel."

"Many, many thanks for the trouble you are taking," said Madeline; "the delight you will see depicted on my brother's countenance and mine, should it lead to the recovery of my uncle, will, I think, reward you."

The Count bowed his acknowledgments, and then, after a somewhat more formal leave-taking, in which he was joined by Altoz, the two gentlemen withdrew.

CHAPTER VIII.

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills.—BURNS.

The one of them, the false Duessa night,
That now had changed her former wonted hue;
For she could don so many shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours save the true.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

"IN the name of wonder," said Altoz to his friend, as they descended the stairs, "what is the meaning of this? It is a new movement of pride for the most redoubtable and unaccountable Count De Mara to be within grasp of his

object, and then throw down the whole machinery, as children in a pet get rid of a house of cards. Now, prithee, what was it? Did my Countship smell garlic when the hostess opened the door to announce supper? Or is the rumour true, that even the stoutest heart quakes at the displeasure of a landlady?"

"Most admirably spoken!" replied De Mara, with a laugh; "what pity that 'twas not grounded in common sense! Oh, most short-sighted friend, cannot you imagine that I may have been so struck with the girl up-stairs as to wish to find in her something beyond a mere supper acquaintance?"

"In truth, I guessed as much," said the Chevalier; "but that only serves to make the thing stranger. Rome was not built in a day; and to my simple comprehension, an accepted supper invitation, with a promised escort to Geneva in the distance, would have formed no bad commencement to greater opportunities."

"Simply comprehended, indeed, my friend!

Oh that I could teach you wisdom in the ways of women! Believe me, while I speak it in all seriousness, this Madeline Schvolen, for such she tells me is her name, has to her share no small power of mind. I can in part excuse your not discovering it, as you had not all the advantages that I had in hearing her tell her own story, and draw her own conclusions."

"But holding that she be a very Madame Dacier in learning, or no less than a Queen Elizabeth of England in power, still, where was the reason for our turning our backs when she offered us so fair-faced an opportunity of improving our acquaintance?"

"Positively, Altoz, you get beyond endurance. Have I not told her that you can conduct her to Madame Lalande? Have I not promised to be in attendance at the *Coq d'Or* by noon to-morrow, to introduce her to that particular acquaintance of yours? Think you then, that with these tasks on my hands, I had any time to stay and sup, when there is yet a Madame Lalande to be found, and

a thousand instructions to be given before to-morrow noon, in order to set matters in a right train for the maiden's reception ?"

" Cry you mercy," said the Chevalier, " I do begin to see wisdom in our departure."

" Prodigious ! Have I already enlightened you so far ? Then, prithee, good Chevalier, make bold, as I do, to tread lightly along this passage, and to horse, before those boisterous messmen of an idle hour, who are now doubtless under Maravelli's tuition, drinking ill success to our supper, get a hint that we have given them the slip."

" But, think ye, they will not resent our unceremonious absence, and, by some unlucky disclosure, mar the plot which already promises to be worthy of even your plotful genius ?"

" Well bethought," replied De Mara ; " I will pass a word to Maravelli, which shall prevent so ill-omened a change in my worship of Cupid and his freakful mother. It is only giving the Italian a supposed triumph over me for the time. And now, Chevalier, lightly—lightly by this turning,

and without a breath. To have them upon me in their present hurly-burly mood would be death to all my projects."

Altoz did as he was requested, and in a few minutes the pair found themselves in front of the inn; the horses were out in a minute, and De Mara, having handed a pencil note to the ostler to be delivered to Maravelli in explanation of his departure, vaulted into his saddle in a twinkling, and, accompanied by Altoz, galloped off for Geneva.

Long time they pursued their hurried pace without a word falling from either. Indeed, the rapidity with which they pushed for the city pretty nearly precluded them from conversation. At length Altoz, willing to know something further of his leader's intentions, called out to him that he believed his horse had picked up a stone, and that he must stop to ease him of the incumbrance.

"Not for a moment, dear Altoz!" said the Count; "for once, for my sake, let him hold his pace even at a discomfort. Each moment grows more

precious as I lose it; we are already far into the night, and my task, as I survey it, grows larger and larger."

And with this, clapping spurs afresh to his horse, on he bounded with increased velocity, as though struggling to exceed the pace of the very car of night.

Altoz, not so full heated with the project that moved them forward at so fearful a rate as his companion, could not but observe the sort of road along which they held their course; bold-browed rocks and deep-mouthed precipices were upon them on every side; and, as they came to each winding in the road, it seemed to him as if De Mara, who was precursor in their swift career, had devoted himself, like a second Martius Curtius, to the yawning of the gulf before him, and was ready on the instant to perform his vow. Both the riders, however, were admirable horsemen; and with little more than a glance at the strange cracks which past ages had made in Nature's bosom, they rode vehemently yet warily

onward, now under the deep shade of some superimminent crag, and anon emerging thence into the full moonshine, given over and over again from the surface of a dozen petty streams and tiny lakes that crossed their path,—till at length they reached the stream and lake, indeed, where the great and noisy Rhone rushes in double channel from the huge expanse of water that ever supplies its course, and where that same expanse, spreading on every side, with waves for its surface, and mountains for its crowning, looks like some vast immeasurable inland sea pent up and beating its patient shores for egress and permission to devastate the southern champaign with its roll of waters.

Geneva was gained. Then, and not till then, De Mara saw fit to slacken his pace; and, in a few minutes, Altoz, who had been getting more and more into the background during the latter part of the gallop against time, was by his side.

"That may be called a very tolerable moonlight ride," said the Count, as soon as the Cheva-

lier joined him; "and, had it been performed in England, the newspapers there would have rung of the feat for a week, with a daily bulletin of the health of our horses after their exertion."

"It is just as well for you," said the Chevalier, "that the newspapers should not ring with the feat; for, when it is known that men have ridden five-and-twenty miles at the rate we have to-night, and over such prettily broken ground too, they are apt to inquire for the motive that induced such an undertaking."

"Any one may know my motive," cried the Count, with a laugh; "for it was simply this—my extreme anxiety to pay my earliest respects to Madame Deboos."

"Deboos!" cried Altoz; "Oh the hag!—Give you good night, my noble Count; you shall not get me to go an inch nearer her dwelling. I thought this last turning we made had evil in it, for Guzman stumbled as I reined him round. When a horse, that has borne me so truly over such places as I have seen to-night, comes to

a stumble in a smooth street, I might have guessed that there was mischief brewing. I would sooner face Hecate, with a thousand minor witches in her train, than that infernal Deboos. I never cross her path but I think she smells sulphureous, savouring to a degree of what Virgil would attribute to Avernus."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Count; "these midnight rambles agree with my Chevalier; for he has become superstitious and poetical both in a breath. We shall make something of you yet, Altoz!"

"Any thing you will," replied Altoz, "save and except a disciple of Deboos. I forswore her for ever yesterday was a week."

"Oh, if you have dates and oaths to quote, I must rescind. But, be of good courage: my friend Deboos is but a woman after all; and I thought the Chevalier Altoz was too valorous to shrink from any of the kind. Tell me your cause of quarrel at least?"

"How can you ask it? It lies on the surface,

and is evident to all that have once been in her company. It lies on the surface, Count."

"Nay," said De Mara, "if you are quarrelling with an old woman's complexion, there is nothing to be said."

"Psha!" replied Altoz, pettishly, "who spoke of her complexion? There is such a thing as the surface of the mind as well as the surface of the body. What! is it my turn to become instructor to the all-wise Count de Mara?"

"No—no," cried the Count, "only interpreter of your own meanings. But now that you have mentioned the matter of grievance, I will venture a wager—and, as I have lost one to-day, I shall take care to do nothing rash in that way,—but I will venture a trifle that I can lay my finger on the flaw in her mind's complexion (if that must be the phrase) with which you have fallen out."

"Let me hear. You shall have a candid confirmation if you have lighted on the true source."

"It is, then, her wisdom which has made these odds between you."

"Humph!" said Altoz; "perhaps,—peradventure,—and so on."

"Which 'so on,'" cried the Count, "means certainly, and out of doubt. I knew it, and will tell you why;—simply, because I have been acquainted with you both full time enough to discover your contrarieties of character. If Deboos is not allowed to think that she is the very pilot of all the ocean she is called upon to sail in, she becomes as unmanageable as a young horse the first day he is committed to the breaker's care, and will not be ruled by ay or nay."

"You have hit it in part," said Altoz, "but forgot to sum up the conclusion, which is, that in shunning Scylla, you get upon Charybdis; for, though to avoid her guidance is a quarrel prepense, to yield to it is ruin fore-ordained."

"But," replied the Count, "there is a happy medium still left to him who can truly play the game of life, and handle the sinuosities of disposition with that niceness of touch which shows the master. Deboos would be pilot. Have

with her! But in your manœuvres be sure that she is only the rudder — the apparent instrument of what takes place, but in reality nothing but the passive result of the skilful helmsman's movements. See, Altoz, my lecture has brought me to her door. Pluck up your courage, man, and in with me, that I may practically illustrate what I flatter myself I have not mal-adroitly laid down in principle."

"To give my commander-in-chief," said Altoz, with a shrug, "so fair an opportunity of illustrating his principles, I will for once make a sacrifice of mine. Believe me, De Mara, it is no small effort for me to consent once again to face that domineering devil in petticoats, and I therefore pray you to observe I attend only as a listener,— to con a lesson, if you will have it so. Not a word shall escape my lips, for, if I once encourage her attack, I shall gain nothing but a bout at scolding, and you still less, for it may go near to spoil the purpose for which you are here."

"Wisely resolved, my prince of laconics," cried

the Count; "and lest so excellent a determination should evaporate, I will make the door my tell-tale, and see how much beating it takes to rouse a woman at two in the morning."

It was some time, however, before there appeared any likelihood of either the one or the other obtaining ingress; and while the Count was impatiently engaged knocking at the door, Altoz, who had no such eagerness for admittance, stood laughing at the hurried exclamations with which his friend accompanied each repetition of the stroke.

"Bravo, Count, bravo!" cried he, after a more noisy performance of the nobleman than ever:—"bravo!—if this were but the poet's street of Geneva, that last attack would have roused one of the tribe from his bed to discharge his genius in a simile, in which you would have figured as Jove the Thunderer. What! another peal! Was not the former hint loud enough to justify a minute's pause? Would that you were cloud-compelling Jove as well as Jove the Thunderer,

that yon bright moon might be hid, and her light a little dimmed; for, if my eyes do not deceive me, I see more than one head peeping at us through neighbour windows. Besides, if a stray passenger should be drawn this way by the knocking, there is light enough to show our plight, which, with the dust of five-and-twenty long miles on our dress, is none of the most splendid."

"Do, for the love of success," cried the Count, "cease that wonderful flow of wit for a few minutes. I think I hear some one stirring within; so that it be a human being, I care not who or what."

"There you are wrong, my friend. If that be not Deboos herself, the chances are that you get no admission; for she will discover that it was wrong in any one to rise at such an hour without her specific orders, and so deny the opening of the door; and, if it be Deboos, why then the chances still are that you get no admission, for she will discover that such a knocking at such an

hour was essentially improper, and not to be countenanced by suffering him that knocked to gain the object for which he knocked."

" Most admirable logician ! Oh that Nature should have made such a one a Chevalier instead of an advocate ! But I was right : I hear a renewed movement within. A confirmatory knock may chance to quicken their pace." And again the Count, in his impatience, made the door resound.

Before he had arrived at the end of this concluding peal, the door flew open, and Madame Deboos herself appeared in the opening. The figure that she presented was not a little extraordinary, and, often as the Chevalier Altoz had seen her, he could not forbear shrinking by an involuntary motion of his body, as it were, from the station which he occupied, when he first cast his eyes upon her. Madame Deboos was a woman that had probably never been handsome in her best days, further than expression can make the human countenance so ; and now that time had marked

her line by line, till the deep and expressive furrows of her face were striking and perspicuous, any thing that came under the idea of beauty was of course out of the question; but she still was what she had ever been—a most commanding creature, something within human nature indeed, but far beyond what we understand as definitely applicable to feminine human nature. Her stature was towering and lofty, but at the same time fully borne out by her general proportions and the perfect carriage which she applied to her conditions. The whole head was such a one as Michael Angelo might have invented in his boldest moments, when his whole soul was on fire to produce something overpowering and out of all comparison. But the prodigy above all of the whole countenance was the eye; full, large, and magnificently shaded with nature's fringe, she could, when she pleased, subdue its gaze, and soften it even to soothingness; but when she was roused,—when her soul was excited to put on its armour, and launch its dart through that medium which has been so finely de-

signated " the soul's window," then it was that the power of her eye was felt and acknowledged ; then it was that it sent forth its invisible but heartfelt messengers, ranging and ranging till it swept into its own circle of influence the whole faculties of those it encountered. It was this power, still more than her words,—and they wanted neither refinement nor searchingness,—that had excited more awe in the mind of Altoz than he chose to confess, and which had not passed De Mara by unfelt, though he was too much in love with himself ever to admit, even to his own most inward thoughts, that aught in the shape of woman could excite an emotion in his bosom to which he was unwilling to give harbourage.

But though one of these two extremes made up her general appearance, this night her countenance had an aspect with which those most accustomed to her looks were unacquainted. Her countenance, which usually had something of the hectic in it, and which, when excited, became even florid, was now deadly pale. It was as though the hand of

death had traversed her face, and left its pallid mark behind. The whole of her limbs were affected by a slight palsy ; and even her voice partook of the emotion, and evinced a tremor never before its wont, as she exclaimed, " I thought so. None short of De Mara could have ventured on such a disturbance at an hour when weak hearts and prudent heads deem it wiser to keep the custom of the world and sleep away their cares. But you are welcome, my friend ; and for the sake of this visit, I can even tolerate Altoz's impertinences, of which I had hoped I had heard and seen the last."

" It is a choice meeting on both sides, then, Deboos," said the Count, " for, be sure, I am otherwise too much in love with the decencies, to intrude at such an hour ;" and as he spoke this he gave it emphasis with such a sneer as men seldom indulge in, till they feel confident of the ground upon which they stand, and the persons by whom their motions are surveyed.

" Make it choicer," said the female, " by send-

ing away that loiterer ; and we will to business on the instant."

" That cannot well be," replied the Count, " for as my present errand in part includes the Chevalier's services, I must intreat your patience both for my story and his presence."

The Count then, as briefly as the facts would permit, related his adventures with Madeline, and repeated the story which she had given to him in explanation of the motives which had induced her and Albert to quit Unwalden for Geneva.

" And now," continued he, " that you have heard all the circumstances of the affair, you may easily guess my motive in coming here. I have the honour to salute Madame Lalande."

" Thank Heaven, Count," said the newly-christened lady, " that the task you have imposed is an easy one ; for whatever its amount might have been, I was in no condition to refuse, as you will presently hear. But as my business, unlike yours, does not require the services of the Cheva-

lier, perhaps I may now be allowed to reduce the dialogue to a *tête-à-tête* ?"

Altoz understood the hint, and, true to his text, without uttering a word, withdrew.

"And now, Lalande-Deboos, or Deboos-Lalande," cried the Count, "how is it that I am to balance the account ?"

"Shortly thus, Count; you must let me have three hundred Louis-d'ors before noon; for without that I shall be neither in temper nor condition to play this new Lalande's part, which at best has been given me at short notice, and which ought to have some consideration."

"On that head," replied the Count, "I have no fears. My Deboos has her wits too much about her to miss in so small an undertaking : besides, all my hints on the subject are contained in this one,—Remember, the girl has sense. But, then, three hundred Louis-d'ors ! Positively, the sum is beyond a joke."

"Very likely ; but not a whit the less certain that I must have them. If I had not been the

most reasonable of women, I should have asked for four, for the three hundred must be paid away by noon."

"Paid away! That is a new feature in your character," cried the Count; "I never before knew you to be in such a hurry to pay money, as to dispose of it before you had it. Suppose we make the three hundred payable when Madeline has adopted you?"

"Then she never will adopt me," exclaimed Deboos, passionately; "for I stir neither hand nor foot in the business till the Louis-d'ors are paid. Come, come, Count, you and I have been too long acquainted to need ceremony now; and you know me well enough to understand, that when I have said the money must be forthcoming, it is in vain to hope to shake me."

"Well, but at least let me have the satisfaction of knowing how my money is to be spent."

"Ask it not," cried Deboos with a shudder:— "would I knew not myself. A claim has been made on me this night, which I have not power to

resist. Long I fought, boldly I contested, but the monster was too much for me: his hold was too griping and irresistible; and I have not only promised, but must perform my promise."

"Well, well," cried De Mara; "the money shall be ready for you if you will come to my hotel by ten this morning. But you are a strange unaccountable creature. I thought when we entered, something extraordinary must have passed to have excited you to such a degree."

"No, no! nothing had happened. Never heed the matter. 'Tis but the remains of last night's fever, and by noon I shall again be myself to receive your visiter. At ten, you said, the money should be ready."

"At ten: till then, adieu! I must seek an hour's repose to brace me for the coming day, which promises to be a busy one. Good repose, Deboos!"

And with this the Count withdrew to the street, where he found Altoz ready mounted and waiting for his arrival.

"Good repose! said he;" cried the female whom he had just quitted:—"that must be by and bye, when the cold earth and I lie cheek to cheek. Till then, thorns for my pillow, and spiked boards for my resting-place: unless, indeed——ah, that was well thought of. It shall be tried."

And, as if under the impulse of some sudden and unprepared emotion, she passed quickly to the back of the premises, where a sort of out-house was erected, which appeared to be filled with all kinds of lumber and ill-assorted stores.

"Urfort, Urfort," cried she, "come forth, thou creature of shade and night."

"A man, stunted and thickset in his appearance, and whose somewhat grizzled locks bespoke the passage of some fifty winters over them, made his appearance at her bidding.—The contrast between the two was extraordinary.—She of a towering height and figure—he stunted and ill grown—made but an ill-matched pair. But, look in their

faces, and the comparison was still more distinct. She, in her worst moments, had a deep-seated, intellectual expression spread over her countenance, which gave token of what the creature might have been, had not ill passions and swerving temper been predominant. But seek for soul in the lineaments of his face, and how vain the search! His best expression was reckless jollity, which, as the passions moved him, retrograded rapidly, but surely, to staring audacity, malicious cunning, and fixed brutality.

As soon as he stood before her—"Urfort," said she, "let us parley no further. The three hundred Louis you ask for shall be yours on one condition."

"One condition!" cried Urfort: "you shall make three hundred conditions if you please,—or three thousand,—or three millions. I love conditions;—they sound so diplomatic and statesman-like. It always makes me think that I am at last quitting the poor rogue to become the rich one."

"Peace, peace, man! and listen to my proposal. The three hundred Louis shall be yours."

"Ay; you said that before: but never mind,—I can bear the repetition of such a sentiment,—or rather fact—(pray, let me mind my grammar) a score of times."

"Yours on condition that never again you cross my path:—never, while life holds us, see me, speak to me, or write to me! What say you?"

"I say—of course! Why, what now, Goody?—Our days of love are long since passed. Why, then, should I say 'Ay' when you say 'Nay?' Did you fear that part of the gold would be spent in a serenade under your window? That might have done when we were in sunny Italy, and all our raptures young; but now neither the climate of heaven nor of our feelings suits such puling crotchets."

"Oh, Urfort, speak not of Italy."

"What, out of conceit with poor Italy too, as well as with me? Why, we had jovial hours there, child. Do you remember the gardens of

Paulini, where we were all laughter? Do you remember the woods of Arva, where we were all love? Do you remember the casino of your uncle —*requiescat in pace*—where—"

"Monster, villain! dare you name him? Dare you remind me of that deed of blood, and wickedness?"

"Well, well, let it pass then! not but what it was a good argument when you refused the three hundred Louis. Apropos, how am I to receive the same?"

"You have not yet sworn never again to see me."

"What, must I swear? Now, what silly work is this! Not but what I'll swear if you insist. What shall I swear by?—yourself, your uncle, or your three hundred Louis? Psha, woman! can you really want an oath from me?"

"You say truly, Urfort. I will ask none; for, if you feel disposed to break it, it would be no bond; and I should, therefore, only be unnecessarily adding another sin to your list, already too long."

" Many thanks, mother Confessor," cried Urfort; " had I time I would officiate as father in the same line; and we would give each other mutual absolution.—As it is, adieu! Leave the money beneath the filbert-tree in the garden, and do not fear my ever troubling you again."

CHAPTER IX.

Forsake the pleasure to pursue the vice.
LORD ROCHESTER.

Nay, but we 'll admit no pause.
HEYWOOD'S CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTY.

WHEN the Count De Mara returned to his hotel, after his interview with Madame Deboos, he again and again conned over the features of his design upon Madeline, to be quite sure that the engines which he intended to bring to bear upon his scheme were not only proper in themselves, but likely to work in a proper way towards the end which he had in view. He was like some deep-scheming general on the eve of a great battle, that was expected to make all or to mar

all—all his faculties alive—and all his attention applied with the soul of energy to the various points of attack that were likely to present themselves. De Mara, who was a quick and accurate diver into the depths of human nature, felt well persuaded that the labour he had now entered upon was one that would require all his skill—for what Madeline wanted in knowledge of the world, she more than made up in rapidity of perception and in soundness of judgment: her mind seemed ever to be on the alert, and nothing crossed her without being weighed, balanced, and an opinion formed upon its good and evil proportions. The Count, who during his residence at Geneva had been in vain on the search for a conquest worthy of his arts, was delighted at having at length found one whom he deemed every way sufficiently tempting to command his pains. The beauty of the maiden, which had first struck his admiring eyes, was almost forgotten, or at least had passed considerably to the back-ground, as he listened to her silver

tones; and even now, when alone, his chief thoughts were directed towards the mental qualifications which she had displayed; and if he ever reverted to her beauty, it was only for the sake of remembering how admirably its character harmonized with her power of mind and tone of conversation.

It was in the midst of these considerations that he passed the first hour after he arrived at his hotel, and then remembering that it might be as well to embrace the opportunity which the time afforded of obtaining a few hours' rest, he threw himself on his couch in the hope of enjoying so much sleep. But his mind was in too active a state to allow the body that repose which it required; for even when he dozed, the disturbed starts which he underwent, and the broken sentences which he murmured through the mazes of his half-waking dreams, indicated that the veil which Somnus had thrown around him was of the frailest texture, with too little of oblivion (sleep's prime ingredient) in it to allow his senses to withdraw from their present "be all."

At length the morning came, and gave him signal to arise. Impetuous, eager, and full of urgent blood, he stepped from his couch; and though he could hardly be said to have been restored by the doubtful rest he had procured, his spirit was as though his whole frame was in its freshest condition, and fatigue and he were little known to one another. He had not, however, got rid of the hurry of his manner. Expectation had taken possession of his soul; and he seemed only fit to count the hours, whose death promised to bring him life.

There are two sorts of love. One—pure, exquisite, and lovely; founded on affection for a single and invaluable object, and resting its whole hope on that object's happiness: the other is single and insidious, built only on self-gratification and the desire of indulging at all hazards an unsharing principle. But both the one and the other—the good and the bad—summon ardour to their aid; and, as Sylla to serve himself could be as daring, bold, and resolute as Regulus to serve his country, so the selfish lover

is just as able to be hot in pursuit and eager in attack; nay, even more so than he who still has tenderness for his beloved to check his transport, and an honest doubt of his own worthiness to possess this goddess-supposed to subdue his passion's inebriety.

Altoz and Deboos were with their principal by ten o'clock, and again the whole bearings of the affair were commented on by the Count. So anxious did he seem that every possible point should have its consideration, that probably he would have gone on with his instructions till Madeline arrived, had not Deboos, who dreaded the effects of an *éclaircissement* with Urfort, reminded him of the money which he had engaged to provide.

"True, true," said the Count, "the greatest general must pay his way till he is able to forage on the enemy's land. And, therefore, I have prepared myself for your demand as far as the urgency of the case would permit. Here are two hundred and fifty Louis, all I happen to have in

my escritoire at this moment, and Altoz must lend me the difference for a day or two, till I have time to make my letters of credit available."

"Lend you the difference!" cried Altoz; "hark-ye, Count, fifty Louis or five hundred are heartily at your service; but it would go against my conscience to advance even five for such a purpose as this."

De Mara perceived that the lady was going to reply in no very tender strain, and he interposed. "Never mind your conscience," cried he; "or strain it for once to oblige a friend. I pledge you my word to show you reasons anon why the thing is advisable, and even to my profit."

"Well, well," said Altoz; "if you put it upon your wisdom, I suppose the pupil must yield to his master; but, for a profitable bargain, it has as Jewish a look, as if the whole were taken up on bond of Israel Solomons at his risk-rate of interest."

Deboos, having obtained the full amount, was

in too great a hurry to be gone to be able to spare time for any remarks; and after she was again warned by the Count to be in attendance at twelve to receive Madeline, she was suffered to depart.

"Now, dear Count, in the name of every wisdom at once, I entreat you to explain; for, were the reward of being made grand professor of logic to three German Universities staring me in the face, I could not for the soul of me invent so much as a half sentence to be spoken in favour of paying three hundred Louis beforehand to this cousin of Lucifer, even before it is known whether she will execute three hundred sous of service in the whole business."

"I will answer your question," said the Count, "in the first instance by asking another. Do you remember why last night you advised me to have nothing to do with Deboos?"

"To be sure I do; a deep cut is not so easily healed as to prevent the smart being felt after the lapse of so short a time."

"Then I may tell you, by way of soothing the smart, that the full force of your objection was felt even by me. But there were reasons to weigh against it. The notice at which our newly-made Madame Lalande's part was to be played was so short, that it was absolutely necessary to confide it to a woman of talent; and Deboos was the only one at hand sufficiently trustworthy in that respect. Had I been in dear Paris, indeed, I might have had the choice of a hundred or two —all of them Debooses, or better. But here the spirit of Calvin, when the stiff-backed fellow died, seems to have taken up with the women of the place, and, on its coming in, out went the genius of intrigue."

"But still why was Deboos to have three hundred Louis for doing nothing?"

"Bless me! what a quantity of matter-of fact talking you require before your brain can conceive a position! In the first place, she absolutely refused to work without cash in advance: in the second place, humouring her in this has made

her what your groom would call 'tender in the mouth,' and turned an animal whom you might well describe to be intractable as a mule into something reasonable and manageable: and in the third place—I like to come to your thirds, it looks so categorical and argument-like—in the third place, this loan puts this wayward woman somewhat in my power, and if I can but bring her also to that opinion, the chances are that I shall be able to guide her tolerably safely, till we come to the crisis, and there I want none to help me."

"One—two—three; finely concluded indeed! It was worth the fifty Louis to hear the general explain his motives."

"Shall we cry quits then?" said the Count, with a laugh; "they will go nigh to help me through my losings to Maravelli yesterday."

"That was not so well concluded, speaking *quoad* myself; and the footing you put it upon makes it still worse, for it reminds me that to suit your purpose I lost a supper,—a loss not to be

held lightly, when accompanied with the presidency of the fiftieth Queen of the constant Count de Mara's heart."

"The fiftieth she may be,—but at all events the dearest."

"Of course," replied the Chevalier, drily,—"because the last. I never could understand, Count, what made you such a desperado at the Change."

"My mother, dear Altoz,—simply, my mother. She taught me early in life to make her my confidante. As long as my secrets went no further than a truant holiday or a school-time robbery, the system worked well enough: I gave her my confidence, which she returned with her protection, and we both thought ourselves gainers; but when young master sprang up towards manhood, the case wore its complexion 'with a difference.' It was some time before I found out the change, and that meanwhile was sufficient to fix my feelings as to women. The first of those dear decoyers of man's idle hours that I fell in love

with was a pretty brunette, whose mother was in the habit of visiting at our chateau. As soon as I had ascertained the fact myself, my mother had the full particulars from me. 'My dear boy,' quoth she, 'you must avoid her. To love, in the abstract, I have no objection, but to Mademoiselle Mignelle there are insuperable objections: she has no temper, and her thoughts are all on a pigmy scale.' Either, at that time, I was the most obedient of sons, or my mother's manner had extraordinary influence over me, for Mademoiselle Mignelle la Brunette was given up, and I lost my heart three days afterwards to a blonde. But here there was another insuperable objection again on the mother's side; and so it would have probably been *ad infinitum*, for as fast as I fell in love, my mother conjured errors 'from the vasty deep.'"

"But still this must have been soon at an end," said Altoz, "for I have always heard you say that you lost your mother before you had reached manhood."

"That is true ; she died just as I was falling in love for the thirteenth time. But young minds both easily and forcibly receive impressions ; and mine was indelibly stamped with the imperfectibility of women. My mother—a wise woman by the way—with all her zeal for the sex, found more faults than virtues in each, as they passed in survey across my mirror of love ; and the consequence was, a young but earnest resolution on my part to handle the sex as wise men handle straws ; —used lightly, and with a judicious hand, they tickle and are pleasing ; but thrust them incautiously into the eye or ear—give them a place within, and they irritate instead of tickling,—they inflict pain, instead of pleasure."

The conversation was here interrupted by the re-entry of Deboos, who, true to her appointment, made her appearance as the clock struck twelve, with her dress somewhat altered ; or, to use her own expression, "her external style subdued so as best to soothe the daughter of Madame Lalande's friend."

The Count walked round her in the same disposition of mind in which Sir Giles Overreach surveyed his daughter; and as Margaret's gown did not affect the usurious knight, so De Mara fell out with the cap of his female coadjutor.

"Ye gods, what a cap, Deboos!" cried he; "is it borrowed from the model of the ancient Persian fire-worshippers, or a modern Spanish auto-da-fè. Is this what you mean by 'subdued?' On the faith of a gentleman, I never saw the same idea similarly expressed."

"Count de Mara," said the lady, somewhat offended, "I beg that the judgment of my own affairs may be left to myself. Surely you have nothing to do with my particular head-dress."

"There you are mistaken," replied the other; "it is part and parcel of our treaty of alliance that all matters were to be in accordance for the peaceable reception of Madeline."

"True," cried Altoz; "and I am sure there can be little hope of peace under such inflammatory colours. No garrison would dream of surren-

dering at discretion while they were exhibited."

"Well sung in concert, Mr. Duplicate," exclaimed Deboos, in a contemptuous tone ;—"thou poor copy of no very wonderful original, be wise and leave the matter to your master, for your interference does but mar the little that is to be said in his behalf."

"But, in sober earnest, Deboos," said the Count, "the cap must be altered. Our expected visiter apprehends, from all that she has heard of Madame Lalande, that she is as staid and puritanical in her every thing as a devotee in the last stage of self-contradiction."

"Is this generous, Count De Mara,—is it just? But I understand the meaning of the scene: you think that because my wants have put me in your power, you may venture this paltry *jeu d'esprit* to tickle the Chevalier's silliness, and thus bribe his vanity as you have my poverty."

"Absurd,—absurd!" replied the Count; "but this is ever the way with you very clever women ;

you are so deep, so profound, so searching, that if a reason lies too near the surface, it is sure to be overlooked for the purpose of fishing up from the depths some fine-drawn motive, that is generally no motive at all. The simple fact is, that the cap is too gay for the taste of a Swiss village girl; and those who are prudent will consider all things when they have a point at heart to carry."

"Well, Count," said the lady, "I do not wish to commence this undertaking in ill blood, and I will therefore yield the point. But I beg that it may be understood that in future my part of the task is to be left entirely to my own control. French counts, of course, may be very clever, but it is woman's privilege to read women; and, if my services are to be employed, it must be on the condition that I am to judge for myself." And with this she withdrew to make the necessary change in her dress, on the understanding that she was to meet the two gentlemen as soon as possible at the *Coq d'Or*, whither they were to proceed in expectation of Madeline's arrival.

On their road thither Altoz thought that there was enough of triumph on his side to justify his referring to the ridiculous ebullition that had just taken place, and he therefore opened the attack by observing—"Three hundred Louis most wisely spent! Now a common lover, such as I, might have deemed it more judicious to expend the gold in some pretty bauble for the admired; but live and learn—live and learn; and I must indeed be under the tuition of a superior tactitian, when I cannot even understand his very first *ruse*."

"What!" cried De Mara, "rebelling again so soon! Have a care, or my young volunteer will be cashiered at least,—to say nothing of a court-martial."

"I have heard that that is a favourite move of some generals, when they find their subalterns more deep-sighted than themselves."

"Why, what a piece of impatience art thou! How durst thou pass thyself off to me as a sober Spaniard, when double-heated Welch blood shows itself in every second movement of your

actions. Answer me this, thou modern Fluellen! did you ever hear Deboos so moderate before in her declamations?"

"Oh, tut, tut," cried the Chevalier, "that pass wont serve. You foretold entire submission throughout; and now before three hours have elapsed, content yourself with something Deboos would call 'subdued, &c.'"

"I content myself, because I have obtained all I expected. When a conqueror proposes to Christianize a nation of savages, he does not expect to make Popes, or Luthers, or Calvins of them all. All these things are to be taken relatively, and in reference to what their former state was. Do you suppose for a moment, that if Deboos had not had my three hundred Louis—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the Chevalier with a shrug, "your two hundred and fifty Louis!"

"Well, well, as you please," continued the other; "but if the money had not been paid to her, and she in bond, do you think any argument in the world would have persuaded her to change

that cap, which looked as if it had been dipped in Phlegethon, and set a-blaze by Phaeton?"

"All which plainly goes to show that you have made a dangerous bargain. Rely on it, she will play you some knave's trick before your game is over,—perhaps even overturn the whole machine!"

"Thank you, thank you, Sir Raven of the Croaking Throat!" cried the Count, "but trust me, I shall have a quick eye upon her, with a hand prepared to minister against all such evil."

And with this they found themselves arrived at the *Coq d'Or*. The Count's servant had been sent early in the morning to bespeak apartments for the expected strangers, and therefore De Mara, after casting an eye over the appointed apartments, had nothing to do but to sit down and wait quietly till his intended victim should arrive.

The nobleman and his party did not arrive at the *Coq d'Or* till past the time at which Madeline was expected. The Count, however, was too old

a traveller not to know that postillions will be unpunctual, ladies unready, and post-horses unwilling; and he therefore was not much surprised at an hour or two slipping away without his expected visiters making their appearance: but in proportion as still further time passed on with the same lack of profit, his impatience grew to a head; and when he found four o'clock,—five o'clock,—six o'clock—arrive, without producing Madeline and her brother, the irritation of his mind became perceptible in his manner, though the cause remained unconfessed. The conversation, in which he forced himself to join, lost its interest, and more and more frequently, as the hour advanced, it became broken and unattended to: his watch was continually in his hand, and he seemed at those moments to devote the whole powers of his mind to the movement of the hands of the machine, as though by the mere act of intense watching he would convert each minute into an hour, and, by keeping up a constant observation on the motions of the enemy, prevent

the rapidity of his flight. When not thus employed, and as his uneasiness grew upon him, he would start from his seat, and tramp the floor at a rate almost swift enough to induce the belief that he was giving an example of the force at which he would have Madeline travel: hurried exclamations, in themselves nothing, but highly indicative of the sensations that were predominant in his mind, broke from him involuntarily ; and ever as he paced the room, he would make a sudden halt before the window, and cast a longing eye at the road by which his expected was to arrive. But the sound of a carriage almost shook him with expectation, and his whole frame assumed an attitude of intense attention to the interruption. Each carriage was the one for which he looked : each, as it approached, was expected to stop at the gate ; and if but the look of the driver was directed towards the hotel, the Count's pulse bounded in strange and anxious vibration, till the horses' heads got beyond the entrance ; and then all went back

again with a rapid, painful, and sickening reaction.

It is the prerogative, or rather the curse, of those who are the creatures of passion, and depend upon impulse for their direction, to be governed by the suddenness of their feelings; and in proportion as their energies have been worked up to a particular expectation, do they feel the magnitude of the impression. It matters not whether the object is a world or an atom: having begun upon it, whatever it may be, the passion feeds itself, and from its own power of nourishment becomes gigantic:—heart, blood, mind, and soul seem all involved in the general rush, and, like the frog in the fable, they swell and distend beyond the powers of endurance. The slightest check is felt, as if it were the imposition of some huge mountain; and the disappointment of no more than a little minute comes ramping and raging on the perturbed and overstretched spirit with a sensation that beats back the previous uprising to a degree as insupportable as it is irresistible.

It was thus that De Mara was moved; and in proportion as his sensations grew stronger and stronger, the more visible they became to his companions. At length they reached a height that became quite alarming. He seemed to have no control over himself. He could not bear to rest for a moment,—but, without ceasing, stalked up and down the room, changing his pace as the picture graven on the camera obscura of his mind changed. It was the reign of passion—the anarchy of reason!

"What shall we do with him?" whispered Altoz to Deboos, for this was a situation in which the unadmitted confession of his mind impelled him to apply to the stronger judgment.

"He must be made to talk," answered Deboos in the same low tone; "words to men are what tears are to women; bring it to that, and you have opened one of Nature's own sluices, by which she intends these hot-headed spirits to be cooled."

"Make him talk!" cried the Chevalier; "that is easily said; but an hour ago I exhausted all

my talking subjects, and he may think it somewhat dull and prosy to go the same matter over again."

"That was profoundly spoken," said the female, with a sneer: "would to Heaven you always knew how to appreciate your own powers with equal justice! For once take a lesson from me; and, instead of prating to him on subjects which must be as so many blanks to him in his present state of mind, attack him on the one single point that wraps him."

"To my mind," replied the Chevalier with a shake of his head, "that will be only throwing oil to the flames."

"Add to my prescription a style that shall alarm his self-love and vanity, and you will see that the medicine will work to its true intent."

"Excuse me," replied Altoz, "as you undertake the office of physician, I think that it rests with you to administer your own recipe."

"With all my heart," cried Deboos. "Pray," added she, raising her voice so as to attract the

Count's attention ;—" pray, can you tell me how I may meet with the Count De Mara ?"

The Count desisted from his rapid traverse of the room, and stood before her. " Madam," said he, hardly knowing at what she was aiming, but determined to outvie the calm dignity of her manner ;—" Madam, the Count de Mara has the honour of standing before you !"

" You, the Count ?" cried Deboos, with an affected start of surprise :—" Oh, impossible! I have even heard that the Count de Mara prided himself on the coolness of his judgment and the imperturbability of his manner. Besides, I know from pretty good authority, that he is in expectation of meeting a chit in whom he pretends to be deeply interested. Sir, if you were the Count, under such circumstances, you would be as sober as an Arcadian, and as much under the command of self as a grenadier is of his officer."

" The hint is well thrown in, Deboos," said the Count ; " and I am obliged accordingly ; but it appears to me that I am in perfect order."

"Rather say in most admired disorder," cried the other: "half a dozen hours ago you were preaching to us the necessity of having all our wits about us, as your Madeline was a bird not to be netted by unwary fowlers."

"And I still hold to the same," said De Mara: "who says to the contrary?"

"The Count de Mara himself! The essence of unwariness is produced by want of self-command."

"Ah," cried the Count, as if in consciousness of the justice of her censure; and then recovering himself, "but who wants self-command?—as for me I am as steady as a ten-year-old pilot."

"And yet he were a rash man who, having seen your last hour's course, would insure you from either shoals or breakers."

"Indeed!" cried the Count, his self-love somewhat nettled;—"why, here is the Chevalier who would do it for a farthing."

"Not I, in good sooth!" cried Altoz: "after this

day's experience I intend always to be wise, and never to be rash."

"A most important vow," said Deboos; "I pray Heaven grant you strength to keep it for a day."

"Hark!" cried the Count; "I hear a chaise.—Yes—yes!—Now, a thousand curses light upon it,—it stops not here. By Heaven, I am in that mind that I would have every villain guillotined that dares drive a chaise down the street till *my* one, which I almost think will never come, arrives."

"Coolness personified!" ejaculated the Chevalier.

"Patience is the highest perfection," responded Deboos.

"In humble parody of Æsop's fox," cried the Count, "I may exclaim,—what pity 'tis, that two such well-shaped heads should hold so little brains! Of what is it you are complaining? That being in love, I am out of patience.—Well, where is the wonder? What the marvel?"

"Both wonder and marvel enough, I think," said Deboos, "when the philosophical De Mara shows such symptoms."

"Wrong again," exclaimed the Count; "it is because I am philosophical that I act thus. Think you that there is no such thing as the philosophy of love?"

"Most assuredly there is, and has been ever since the days of Plato."

"And in what does the philosophy of love consist?" continued De Mara. "Of what but impatient anxiety, fierce desire, uncontrollable palpitation! Even as the philosophy of science is abstruse, the philosophy of modesty demure, and the philosophy of gambling calculating, so the philosophy of love is ardent and overwhelming."

"Mere periods and phrases!" answered the lady; "the philosophy of every thing is that which enables the possessor to survey accurately and comprehend justly the nature of the subject."

"A thousand thanks, Deboos!—you have pro-

nounced my argument to a hair. One such speech from the Chevalier, and I shall have to congratulate myself on having enrolled you both on my side of the question."

"I shall say nothing," cried the Chevalier; "but I follow the maxim doled out to me when I was at school—Hear, see, and say nothing."

"Then hear this, my friend," said the Count, "and place it in the wisest corner of your mind. Deboos tells us that to taste the philosophy of a matter, we must comprehend it justly. Now let me be told this!—How are we to comprehend the depths of a forest by keeping ever on its skirts?—or the fastnesses of a castle by walking round the moat? 'Forward! forward!' must be our motto:—we must force ourselves through the brushwood in the one case, or wind through the cunning labyrinth that the architect has built in honour of his skill in the other, before we can hope to know where to have and where to hold. And why not so with love? Why are we not to plunge into all its wondrous twists and mazes of passion, if we

want to apprehend its real mystery?—Bah! the man or woman either, that merely stands trembling on the brink, as the fearful school-boy shivers on the edge of the brook without courage to plunge his limbs into the doubtful depths, may talk of love,—mince pretty amorous phrases tipped with shallow tinsel,—but never can he dive into the recesses of Love's abode, and drag the son of Venus into the light of day."

"The man certainly talks," cried Deboos, "as if he had heard of love before. But, if I may be allowed to put a question to so acute a genius, I would ask, whether there is not some danger of a person who plunges into these depths forgetting his philosophy, and remembering nothing but the excess of his passion?"

"That must depend on the time he allows himself to be involved. The true philosopher of love will take care to limit himself, so that his bark of reason is in no danger of being swamped in his stream of passion."

"That is too general an answer," cried De-

boos. "Take your own case for an example, and tell us how long you may without danger be left in the practice of furious strides, eager gazing up and down the street, bitter ejaculations, elevating of hands, and deep-fetched imprecations."

"That must be according to circumstances," replied the Count, "and depend chiefly on the chain that introduces the next and the next up to the very climax. For instance;—hark! surely I hear the wheels of a carriage;—and yet—in my own case, good Deboos;—yes! it is a chaise: it approaches—the proper time for throwing aside the strange list of incoherencies you have mentioned—Can it be?—the chaise stops here!—Gods, it is my Madeline!—Yes, Deboos; the proper time for forgetting incoherencies, and again resuming the reins of discretion, is now, my friends, NOW!"—and with this he rushed down stairs, to be in time to hand Madeline from the chaise.

CHAPTER X.

We must have these hues when we hawk for friends,
And wind about them like a subtle river,
That, seeming only to run on his course,
Doth search yet as he runs, and still finds out
The easiest parts of entry on the shore,
Gliding so slily by, as scarce it touch'd,
Yet still eats something in it.

CHAPMAN.

THE reason of Madeline's delay might have easily been explained, had she chosen it; but, in reply to such inquiries as the Count thought he might venture to make, her answers were such as to leave him somewhat in the dark. On the whole, however, what he gathered led him to the conclusion (which, indeed, was a just one) that Albert

had been the cause of the postponement of their arrival.

It was not till the morning after the Count had quitted the inn, where he first met the Orphans of Unwalden, that Madeline had an opportunity of gathering Albert's impressions as to their new-found acquaintance. To her great surprise, she found that the youth was in alarm at the Count's freedom of manners;—that he had viewed with apprehension his intrusion into their apartment;—and that he became acquainted with the arrangement his sister had made for meeting the Count at Geneva with proportionate dislike. Why was it that Albert had imbibed these feelings? He himself hardly knew, — or rather could not, from the novelty of the sensation, define that it arose from the overbearing contrast which the Count's manners, as a man of the world, full of Nature's and Fortune's good graces, formed with his own gentleness of temper and retiringness of disposition. Much passed between the brother and sister on the subject; and more than once Made-

line was on the point of yielding to the feelings of her companion, though, in that event, a return to Unwalden, instead of an advance to Geneva, must have been the consequence.

It was this last position that, in the end, turned the scale; for, when Albert understood that through the Count they were to discover Madame Lalande, and when he remembered that through Madame Lalande was their only hope of discovering Seaton, he felt that his dislike for De Mara was but as a feather in the balance; and, intreating his sister to forget what he had said in detriment of their new friend, he insisted on proceeding to Geneva.

But, though Madeline took care to give none of these circumstances to De Mara on his arrival, she let enough drop in her *mauvaise honte* excuses to lead him to suspect that the cause of the delay had, in some way or another, arisen from Albert. The hatreds of the Count were as soon bestowed as his affections—as strong and as resolute; and no sooner did he conceive that he had for one moment been thwarted through

the instrumentality of Albert, than he transferred to him a dislike as determined as was the passion which inflamed his heart for Madeline. Nor did it appear likely that this new feeling, on the part of the Count, would be lessened by the conduct of Albert; who, though careful not to evince the apprehensions he entertained of the nobleman, could not help, in his want of all knowledge of the *savoir vivre*, showing in his behaviour a timidity and hesitation which were not calculated to allay the suspicions which De Mara had begun to entertain.

The feelings which Albert had thus imbibed with respect to the Count were not of a nature to give ease to Madeline in her prosecution of the task she had undertaken; and if her journey from Unwalden to the inn where she first met De Mara tasted of unpleasantness and discomfort, still more bitter was that which conducted her from her night's lodging to Geneva.

What a strange contrast between her journey and that of the Count! He, in the midst of night, with the heavy shade of indiscernible

crags overhanging him, had galloped along, light of heart—hot-blooded and eager in the furtherance of his desire,—and that desire most sensual, selfish, and unholy. Madeline, on the other hand, had the blithe sun to guide her on the way; while the precipices, that in night's darkness were the parents of terror and dismay, had, by the light of day, softened into the originators of wonder and admiration; and yet, with these differences in her favour, her course was heavy and grievous. Was it then that her desire was still more selfish and unholy than that of the Count?—Oh, how contrary was it to every thing either selfish or unholy! Love for Albert — love for Seaton—sorrow for her fault—anxiety to amend it —were the sole occupants of her heart; and though she travelled with the commission of an error weighing heavily upon her soul, how venial, —how trifling—how less than nothing would it appear when set against that which was in the imagination of De Mara, and which to him was his pride, his glory, and his triumph! Com-

pare De Mara's self-willed and determined prosecution of his greedy passion with the poor maiden's oft-repented fault, and the one was

> —Almost as infinite as all,
> The other blank as nothing.*

And yet Madeline was the child of sorrow,—De Mara the guest of joy ; a true but painful illustration that happiness is not always within virtue's command, and that conscience—the hackney and the bug-bear—may as easily be a slave as a tyrant.

But it is full time to return to the thread of our narrative.

The first interview between Deboos and Madeline passed off entirely to the Count's satisfaction ; and, though he watched each motion of the former, to see whether she committed herself; and of the latter, to ascertain whether she suspected any thing, he could not help, when all was done, confessing that the whole scene had

* Troilus and Cressida.

been performed by the counterfeit Lalande in a most masterly manner.

The consequences of this success were what De Mara had foreseen. Madeline, full of respect and growing affection for a woman who had been the friend, the confidante, and the adviser of her mother, showed herself ready to adopt her suggestions on all points; and the influence of the Count was thus made sure as far as opportunity and agency could effect. He had too good an opinion of his talents for intrigue to doubt for a moment that the rest must follow in the course that he should be pleased to mark out.

The only thing that harassed his prospects was the increasing anxiety which Madeline still displayed to discover the retreat of Seaton. It was in vain that the fictitious Madame Lalande assured her that in the end it must happen that the old man would relent and re-appear, and that her mother's former friend must be the certain channel through which he would signify that alteration; still Madeline was unable to

overcome the self-reproach that haunted her. Any unusual sound in the house made her start from her seat as if in expectation of its being the announcer of the return of the lost one ; and the door could not open without her quick eye being eagerly raised to ascertain whether he who entered was the object of her hope.

But if this anxiety to discover Seaton had been the sum of the case, the Count's uneasiness would have been materially lessened, for he fairly inferred that, as long as Deboos was to Madeline the real Lalande, the lapse of time must soften her regrets on account of Seaton. His greatest apprehension, however, was, that Seaton might be really lingering in Geneva, or the neighbourhood of Unwalden ; and, in a moment of returning softness, seek out the children of his adoption. If therefore, on the approach of some unwonted sound, or the unexpected opening of the door, Madeline's gaze was one of life and expectation, no

less was that of the Count one of dread and nervous anticipation.

De Mara, however, was not a man to remain idle in expectation of an evil. The enervating sensation that arises from an ill-omened anticipation was speedily shaken off by him, and he set himself earnestly to work, to devise the best means to controvert the mischief which appeared to threaten, and to intercept the approach of Seaton, should that elder, in a relenting moment, seek Madeline and her brother. It was not long that De Mara wavered as to the course he should adopt: he determined to invade what might be called the head-quarters of the enemy at once, and thus ascertain the best and the worst of the accident that he anticipated. With this view he set his emissaries to work to discover the abode of the real Madame Lalande, that means might be adopted to obtain from her the secret (if she had it) of Seaton's retreat.

This was not a task of any great difficulty. Her residence was discovered, and the most care-

ful and secret inquiry was instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether within the last few days any stranger, whose description would tally with that of Seaton, had been observed as a visiter to the house. Every information that could be procured on this head seemed to negative the idea that Seaton had chosen—personally at least—to make Madame Lalande his confidante. But the Count still remained unsatisfied as to the general result: it might be possible that his agents were mistaken in the intelligence which they had brought him; and, still further, it was even probable, that though Seaton might not have chosen to seek a personal interview with the lady, a letter from him might have already informed her of the course he had adopted, and set her on the *qui vive* as to the movements of the orphans.

With these reflections pressing upon him, the Count resolved upon an inquiry of Madame Lalande herself, as the only conclusive means by which he could securely ascertain what there was

to hope or fear. But the dffiiculty here was to find one competent to undertake the task. For himself, he did not choose to appear so palpably in the business, as, in the event of a discovery taking place, it would so implicate him with the deception practised on Madeline, as entirely to shut the door of reconciliation against him. Deboos also appeared to him a dangerous instrument to employ on this occasion, as it was obviously his cue to keep the two Lalandes as far asunder as possible. With these two exceptions he could fix his mind on none of whose ability to undertake the office he was sufficiently assured. The more he considered the undertaking, the greater were the difficulties that presented themselves to his mind; and the danger, supposing that Madame Lalande as yet knew nothing of what had been doing at Unwalden, of rousing her mind to suspicion and inquiry, increased every moment that he had the matter under his consideration.

In this dilemma he applied to Deboos, though

not without some fear that she would consider herself so all-competent to the undertaking, as to hear of none other for the office. In this, however, he was mistaken: either Deboos was convinced by the reasons which the Count gave for her non-appearance as far as Madame Lalande was concerned, or she had no inclination to undertake this extra labour. The Count, however, obtained her advice on the affair, which, bad or good, amounted to this—that De Mara's plan, as far as it went, should be followed, but that in the event of its proving unsuccessful in procuring the required information, steps should be taken to remove Madame Lalande from Geneva.

But still the same difficulty presented itself—a fit and proper person to perform the sinuous office that was to lead to these conclusions.

"I wonder," said Deboos with a sneer, when De Mara reiterated the difficulty which this point presented,—"I wonder that you have not selected your favourite Altoz for the task."

"Altoz!" cried the Count; "I would as soon

appoint that deaf non-entity, Madeline's brother; for where the one would be deaf, the other would be dumb—and both in the very vitals of the question."

"And yet you thought the Chevalier worthy of being your aid-de-camp in the very outset of the adventure."

"It was circumstances, and not I," cried the Count, "that elected him to that post of honour: —besides, I was in hopes, that under your tuition something might be made of him; but he appears to grow more obtuse than ever. You are the two ends of the needle, and the more exactly you point to the pole, the further is he from it."

"Oh, your servant," replied the lady with a curtsey, "I see that I must do something to repay so much concession in my favour; and yet I know no one to whom in candour I dare recommend your commission."

"Candour! I am content that you should use the word. But will you let it hold good for the next five minutes?"

Deboos gave the questioner a scrutinising glance, as if to ask his meaning ; and then drily replied, " Certainly, Count."

" Then read this billet, and give me a judgment upon it."

Deboos took the paper which the Count tendered her ; but no sooner did she cast her eye on the handwriting, than an involuntarily shudder came over her. After an effort she read the following as its contents—

" Count De Mara—Deboos is not unwise—but there is one still more canny at her elbow. Your last three hundred Louis were handsomely palatable. Perhaps the management of Lalande would be worth another hundred ?"

" Villain !" muttered Deboos.

" Many thanks for the compliment," cried De Mara, somewhat bluntly.

" Nay, Count, the epithet was not applied to you. I will not pretend to deny that I know the handwriting of the letter ; but beware how you engage with its author."

"Your caution is just, if I may judge by the price he asks. Besides, I always look with an eye of suspicion on your anonymous correspondents. A man that is ashamed to sign his name at the bottom of a letter, cannot, even in his own opinion, be superlatively trustworthy. But these three hundred Louis—I confess I should like your explanation of that."

Deboos paused for a minute, as if revolving matters within her own mind, and then, with a fixed eye and compressed lips, as though she was forcing herself to do something against her whole soul's inclination, she said, "Count, on two conditions I will undertake that Madame Lalande shall be both sifted as to her knowledge of Seaton, and removed from Geneva for a while."

"Are the conditions reasonable?"

"It is for you to answer that; but at all events they are the only ones on which I can undertake the task."

"At least, then, what are they?"

"First, that you demand no explanation of my

agent or my means; and secondly, that the hundred Louis mentioned in this scrawl be paid to me."

De Mara demurred for a while to these terms; but at length finding that the proposer was inexorable, and reflecting on the apparent importance of the points she promised to effect, he agreed to both conditions, after obtaining from her a pledge that she herself was to have no personal interference with Madame Lalande.

It is not necessary to detail the means by which Madame Lalande was attacked; it is sufficient to state that in both points Deboos kept her word. It was fully ascertained that Seaton's motions as yet were unknown to Madame Lalande, for she was not even aware that he had quitted Unwalden; and in two days from the period of the conversation just detailed she was on her way to Genoa.

But the motive that induced Deboos to undertake the task was curious. The letter, which the Count had put into her hand, she at once per-

ceived to be in a handwriting familiar to her, as she had already admitted to De Mara. It was the handwriting of Urfort; and though she could not very well comprehend how he had dived to the bottom of the Count's intentions towards Madame Lalande, she knew enough of the man to be sure that, once having proceeded so far as to write to her employer on the subject, no argument would be sufficient to stay his future movements towards inducing the Count to employ him, unless indeed his keeping from his presence could be made equally profitable to him.

To Deboos it was all-important that such an interview should never take place, and she was determined to resist it at any sacrifice. It was for this reason that she volunteered to find any agent suited to the purposes of the Count, on condition that the hundred Louis mentioned in the letter should be hers; and as soon as De Mara had signified his assent, she hastened to find Urfort, lest his known impatience of character

should have already induced him to take further steps towards meeting the nobleman.

"Urfort," said she, as soon as she had discovered his retreat, "I will not reproach you with breach of all faith, and violation of all principle, for I know you to be a man who laughs at the one and despises the other."

"A well-turned sentence!" cried the man: "may I ask then, why I have been sought out in this, my sanctum of jollity?"

"You have written to the Count de Mara."

"Humph!"

"And I bring you his answer."

"Good, my Deboos; now I respect you again. But the terms—the terms?"

"I cannot tell you them till I know from you how much of this affair you are acquainted with."

"Why, I should expect about as much as you know yourself. The Count has a good audible voice, and if you will talk secrets with one man while another lies concealed in your house, you should not be surprised that the walls blab a little."

"But you were concealed in the out-house on the night that De Mara and the Chevalier came to my abode on horseback."

"Not entirely: though no woman, I do not profess to be altogether free from curiosity; and, as a knock at the door of a peaceable house two hours after midnight had something alarming in it, I took the liberty of shifting my quarters from the out-house to that snug little back-parlour of yours, where I heard enough to give me an insight into affairs."

"Villain!" muttered Deboos—"but then you know not what has taken place since."

"I cannot exactly say that, either; for, not knowing what better to do with my time, I followed up the story. Seaton is a nincompoop—Madeline a pretty creature—and the Count a fine gentleman. Now, may I know the terms of his reply?"

"They are these. Discover what knowledge Lalande has of Seaton, and send her on a wild-goose chase for a month, and the Count engages

to pay you the hundred Louis that your letter so unconscionably demands; though, what you can want with them, after having so lately had three hundred, I cannot conceive."

"Oh, the roulette-table can answer that question better than I. But are there any other conditions?"

"Only that I am in all cases to be the go-between in your communications with the Count. He would not in any way personally appear in the matter."

"With all my heart. Though, if the gentleman is so very nice as to his company, how came you to be of the party?"

The only answer that Deboos gave to this insulting question was a look of supreme contempt.

"Well," continued Urfort, "at least you can look like a duchess, and that is half the battle.—However, *au revoir*. Two days hence, at this hour expect me at your own house—crowned with success, and see that the hundred Louis be ready."

At the expiration of the two days, Urfort punc-

tually kept his appointment with Deboos—convinced her of his success—received his hundred Louis—again solemnly promised to quit Geneva, and took his departure.

As soon as the Count was assured that the real Madame Lalande was sufficiently removed from the scene of action to be no longer dangerous to his schemes, he continued the prosecution of his design upon Madeline with redoubled ardour.

The superadded information that Seaton had not yet corresponded with Madame Lalande also greatly contributed to his satisfaction, for it bore tacit testimony of the senior still being in the same state of offended feeling that possessed his mind, when he penned his farewell letter to the now friendless wanderers of Unwalden.

Hitherto De Mara had not dared to introduce Madeline to the amusements which the place afforded, lest by some unlucky mischance they should light upon the friend of her mother, and the *éclaircissement* so dreaded by him should take

place: but now that this stumbling-block was removed, he felt that he could not adopt a better course than promote that gaiety, vivacity, and elasticity of mind, which were so peculiarly the characteristics of the disposition of his mistress. The physicians of the human body ever recommend their patients to vary the scene, and the air, and the thoughts,—well knowing that such a variety will mainly contribute to an eradication of that diseased state which they have been called in to cure. In like manner De Mara felt that in the first instance he must act as physician to Madeline's mind, and he knew no better way to

> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,*

than by affording her those amusing excitements which should act as "some sweet oblivious antidote."

To a great extent his plan was successful. Educated in a Swiss village, Madeline's mind

* Macbeth.

had been narrowed in its external opportunities, while, within, it was ready every moment to leap from its boundaries and climb the mountain-chain of its own creation. Driven by the sameness of each day's circle to feed upon itself, her fancy, which could not bear to be inert, had grown eccentric and out of human fashion. It had formed its own theories, solved its own doubts, painted its own pictures, raised its own castles, and blazoned its own track with wondrous facility, but with that natural error of judgment which attends our first efforts, immatured by the philosophy of ages, or the experience of a present world. Madeline might have exclaimed, with infinitely more justice than the hymnist,—

My mind to me a kingdom is;*

for it was her only free land of poetry and imagination, and therefore all in all her kingdom to the very

* Watts.

letter of the word. All her ideas being trained in this school, she was necessarily led to make every new fact and thought that crossed her path of knowledge subservient to this system. If, indeed, the whole wisdom of a Bacon, an Aristotle, or a Shaftesbury, could have burst upon her at once, it might have redeemed her from the gulf of fiction in which she was immersed. But the little knowledge that she gained came to her piece-meal: it was extracted in the course of desultory conversation or incidental observation, and reached her mind in such small and detached particles, that she had time to fashion one fragment to the established coinage of her brain before another presented itself for consideration.

This being the state of her mind, it need be no matter of surprise that the proceeding of De Mara, in this respect, led to the conclusion that he expected. Exquisite music, poured forth by a well-trained orchestra, — thrilling songs from the lips of grace and beauty,—the

scenic illusion of a well-imagined drama, man's glorious transfer of Nature's purest excellences to the imitative canvass—all took possession of her soul—all stirred up the seeds of wonder, admiration, and delight, that till now had lain dormant in her composition, and gradually roused her thoughts from that cloudy tinge of melancholy which her disappointed inquiries after Seaton had imposed upon them.

But this was not the only advantage that De Mara reaped from this introduction of a continual round of amusement. It not only roused Madeline from her feelings of discomfort, but gave her an *enjouissance* for the society of her companions. It is difficult to be continually happy in company with a certain set of individuals, without imbibing a kindly feeling towards the individuals themselves; they become identified with our content of mind, and their presence adds to our own self-complacency. Pleasure is not only pleasurable in itself, but receives a fresh accession of the same sensation from anticipation

and retrospection; and no circumstance gives more immediate rise to this "first and last," than the presence of those with whom we have enjoyed, or are to enjoy, any given amusement. The heart is filled at such an epoch, and runs over at the tongue: notes are compared, impressions are balanced, images and feelings are developed, and every moment something new, or hitherto unperceived, is added to what was formerly supposed to be the *ultimatum* of the pleasure capable of being produced by the stated enjoyment.

Madeline felt all this with an uncommon keenness of perception; for, while she was the child of nature, and only gave utterance to those first impressions which the higher works of art will produce on the simple imagination, De Mara and Deboos, who were her chief companions, supplied her active spirit with quaint allusions, apt illustrations, or other supplies, drawn from education and a knowledge of the world, which taught her first to pause at her own ignorance, and then

eagerly to pursue the subject to the very uttermost of their information.

But though the names of De Mara and Deboos are here coupled, there was a great distinction between the two in the mind of Madeline. For Deboos, as Madame Lalande, she entertained affection and respect; but there was, nevertheless, something in the manner of this female which inspired the maiden with awe, and which prevented her drawing close to her as the companion of her lighter hours—as the confidante of her freest thoughts. With De Mara she had none of this restraint. He appeared to her amiable, attentive, and desirous of meeting her every wish; he found the means of bringing himself down to her own level of worldly knowledge; or, if he ever tutored her, it was with the joyous ease of a companion, rather than the superior information of a master. She had the sensation within her that she could ask him any question without feeling that she was exposing herself to contempt or ridicule; and she felt grateful, without knowing

it, for the facility with which he moved on the same plane with herself.

Although it was no part of the Count's design that Madeline should shrink from the closest intimacy with the pretended Madame Lalande, the contrary being the case was highly advantageous to his purpose, for it more completely threw the maiden upon him as a companion; and, in equal proportion, afforded him opportunities of making for himself an interest in her heart. The word love had not yet passed the lips of De Mara, nor had it entered the mind of Madeline; but, though the word was absent, the sentiment was fast taking possession of her mind. Courteousness, amiability, watchfulness, address, and personal beauty, as far as beauty is compatible with genuine manliness, were all in favour of the Count; and he beheld with secret and well-dissembled rapture, that he was rapidly gaining supreme empire over the heart of his proposed victim.

CHAPTER XI.

Nature, that loves not to be question'd
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I are.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S PHILASTER.

Innocence, the sacred amulet
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortune, injury, and death.

OLD PLAY.

THE only drawback to Count de Mara's delight at the progress of his scheme was the evident dissatisfaction of Albert at what was going on. The young man had never been able to get over the first impression that De Mara's conduct had left upon his mind; and the dislike which the Count, on the other hand, had imbibed for him,

owing to his supposed interference on the day of the orphans' journey to Geneva, had in no wise tended to bring them more closely together. But, though this feeling was predominant in De Mara's mind, he had by no means permitted himself to neglect the boy as long as he was unsure of an interest in the heart of his sister. Albert, as well as every other person or circumstance connected with Madeline, had been duly considered, and a reception given to him such as appeared to the schemer most likely to afford satisfaction to his mistress.

Thus far all was sufficient to lull any feeling of neglect towards her brother, that might otherwise have taken root in Madeline's bosom; but had Albert been disposed to complain, there was still enough in the conduct of the Count to justify the step. Man of the world as De Mara was, there was nevertheless something in his relative situation with Albert to embarrass him. The youth's unfortunate bereavement of hearing refused the Count those opportunities of sifting his character

through his own confessions, that in any other case would have been his surety as to the game he was to play ; and the natural hesitation that arises between two persons, both of whom have reason to think that there is a mutual misunderstanding existing in each other's mind, considerably strengthened the embarrassment that the Count felt from the above-mentioned cause.

Albert, however, was not of a complaining disposition. Whatever his sorrows might be, they were always borne with meekness, and he had learned from the state of deprivation under which he had all his life laboured, patiently to bow to that which discomforted him, rather than uselessly to fight against it. Nevertheless, there was no want of firmness of mind in this. In fact, this very characteristic proceeded from strength of intellect—but it was the strength of endurance, not that of execution.

Albert's original cause of dissatisfaction with the Count is already made known: but by this time a second ground had arisen—not perhaps so

much attributable to De Mara himself as the first—but equally forcible in making Albert regard the meeting with that nobleman as an unfortunate event for himself and his sister.

We have seen in the last chapter how successfully the Count pursued his object of gaining the affections of Madeline. If Albert did not also perceive this, at all events he perceived the effects that that success produced. When he was living at Unwalden, he had been in the keeping of his natural counsellors, and the attentions of his parent and of Madeline were as though he had two mothers tending him. It was not the difference of two years only that gave rise to the protecting character which Madeline had thus obtained. The misfortune under which he laboured had doubly thrown him upon her for amusement, instruction, and regard ; and the bonds of affection between them had become proportionably strong. When their mother died, all these feelings mounted still higher, and to Albert his sister was as necessary as the compass to the mariner who has left all trace of land behind.

Thus much then for their former situation;—but since their arrival at Geneva things had changed. It was impossible for a young and beautiful woman, with a mind as vivid and as rapid of perception as Madeline's was, to burst from solitude to what in the comparison was the acmè of gaiety, without unconsciously admitting a change into her manners and thoughts. The suddenness of the transition took her, as it were, out of her former self: she was wrapt in a novel and irresistible habit of excitement; and the power which she possessed over the Count—the ease with which he bowed to all her wishes—the facility with which he adopted her suggestions and turned them into realities—all contributed to make a new creature of her.

The effect of this alteration of circumstance was keenly felt by her brother. Instead of being a companion—or rather, as formerly, a something between a mistress and a servant to him—Madeline was little more than a sort of dropper-in upon his weary hours. When indeed he did have her to

himself, and she again devoted her minutes to his amusement, he felt that her powers of giving delight had been enhanced by the novelties she had gained in her absence; but this superiority of attraction again only the more embittered the hours when her presence was wanting.

This, then, was the second ground of dissatisfaction which Albert found towards the Count. So thorough was his belief in the entireness of his sister's affections towards himself, that he did not for a moment attribute to her the change that had taken place. He looked round for the circumstances that had caused it, and he found them in the actions of De Mara. It was he who engrossed Madeline's attention when they were within doors —and it was he that was for ever proposing excursions, visits, and parties of pleasure, in which Albert was a mere cipher and dead letter. This being the sum of Albert's observations, it naturally followed that the estrangement which he already entertained towards the Count should be heightened, and that in his own inward communings,

which in proportion as he was deprived of the companionship of Madeline became more and more frequent, he should acutely feel the disappointed hours that he owed to the appearance of the stranger.

Let us, however, here take an opportunity of doing justice to Madeline. Had she for a moment perceived—or even supposed—the pain that her change of manners was inflicting on her brother, from that instant she would again have exclusively become his companion, his solace, and his attendant. But how could she perceive the effect that her change had caused in Albert's feelings, when she was not even conscious that that change in herself had taken place? As we have before had occasion to remark, the essence of the girl's temperament was ardency. Ardency was equally her good and her evil genius;—her good genius, as it had led her to that excess of devotion to the service of her unfortunate brother, which had so soothed his sorrows;—her evil genius, as it was now plunging her into too rash and headlong an enjoy-

ment of the gay scenes with which it was the Count's care incessantly to feed her disposition. If Albert was neglected, it was not that her affection for him was diminished in the minutest iota,—but that she suffered herself to be hurried down the stream of temptation, without giving herself time to consider whether what was delightful to her was not distasteful to him.

The care with which Albert concealed his dissatisfaction from his sister was another argument in palliation of her not perceiving the effect that her change had upon him. It was in this point of view that the youth showed that endurance was one of his virtues. He perceived the zest with which his sister had entered into the gaieties of Geneva, and the happiness that they afforded her; and he was too affectionately interested in her contentments to suffer a word or a look of his to run counter to her satisfaction. Indeed his chief delight, now that he was to so great an extent shut out from her course of thought, was to sit and gaze at the joyous smiles that illumined her face: it

was his map of pleasures, whereon were laid down the different lands and seas that made his little world of observation; and, though perhaps the whole was not planned out with sufficient clearness, he was content in the spirit of kindliness to act on the mistake which the poet in the spirit of satire lays to the charge of geographers, who

> ———— on pathless downs
> Place elephants instead of towns;

and so long as latitude and longitude come within the tropics of joy, Albert cared little for the peculiar from which they originated.

But the re-action of his reflections fell all the heavier for this upon the Count; and in proportion as he acquitted his sister of unkindness, the intrusion of that nobleman was aggravated in his eyes. Perhaps a deeper philosopher than Albert would have felt that thanks were due to the individual who had thus heightened the enjoyment of a person whom he loved so entirely: but Albert could not regard without envy the en-

grossing quality of De Mara's attentions to Madeline ; nor had he forgotten the forwardness of his manners at the inn, which, from the very first moment of their becoming acquainted, had impressed him with the feeling that there was an assumption of superiority on the part of the stranger, which was not compatible with a happy issue to the intimacy that had succeeded. Had the youth been more acquainted with the world and the world's ways, he would probably have taken steps gradually to alienate his sister from the Count, and to render the visits of the latter less frequent. But Albert's capacity did not consist in such manœuvres as these. He was not without knowledge ; for his mother, whose ingenuity had been the means of teaching him to read and talk in spite of his unfortunate bereavement, had taken care to follow up these first steps by putting into his hands the best books she could procure : but his knowledge was not of a sort likely to be useful in contending against the subtlety of such an accomplished intriguer

as the Count de Mara ; and Albert therefore was obliged to be content to endure the annoyance to which his presence gave rise, without taking any active steps to relieve himself from the burden.

Another apology for Madeline's apparent neglect of her brother was the intimacy which she perceived to be growing up between him and the supposed Madame Lalande. Although this lady could be sufficiently sarcastic, or even repulsive, when it was a Chevalier Altoz that she had to engage, yet towards the gentle Albert her characteristics were entirely different. In her intercourse with the youth there was no encounter of wits,—no suspicious compliments that leaned more towards invective than good-will. On the contrary, Albert regarded her as the early and respected friend of the being whom he had loved best and lamented most ; and, as such, bowed to her suggestions and remarks with the most confident reliance. This feeling, that originally sprang from association and sentiment, soon

established itself on the surer foundation of superiority of intellect and decision of character, for in Deboos both these qualities prevailed in an eminent degree; and to a mind like Albert's, weak in its practical scope, though strong in its power of judgment, such characteristics had more than their usual weight.

The attention and respect which Albert paid to her were, in the first instance, highly flattering to the fictitious Madame Lalande, and this feeling gradually ripened into affection towards the youth. Deboos had not always been the slave of wicked intriguers, or at the service of those who carried their money in their hand; nor had her present debasement entirely overwhelmed those earlier sentiments which are the native inmates of every human bosom, till crimes, or misfortunes, or hardships, have ossified them, and made them insensible to feeling. Albert's conduct towards her, therefore, not only took her by surprise, but found a nook within her heart not absolutely filled up. Long was it unavailing

—slow was it in penetration,—but at length it effected a lodgment in the deserted corner, and summoned the owner back to long-forgotten sensations of kindness and cherishment.

Madeline, without particularly scanning the progress of this companionship, saw it rise into sufficient intimacy to make her rejoice that Albert had found in her mother's chosen friend a person from whom he could obtain advice and amusement. It delighted her to find that they were ever together, and that Madame Lalande never seemed better pleased than when she was pursuing some course in which Albert could take part and feel an interest.

But the maiden, as was her wont, judged somewhat too hastily in coming to this conclusion. Had she been right, Albert would not so bitterly have felt her engrossment by the Count. It was true, indeed, that he made a companion of Deboos,—but she was not a complete companion. She had instruction for him, and even amusement,—but not that wonderful sympathy, that

fine intermingling of heart and soul in his occupations, with which Madeline's actions appeared always to teem.

It was not immediately that Deboos perceived the impression that Albert had made upon her mind. Her first intercourse with him arose rather from necessity than from choice; for although Madeline was as attentive to her, as she was bound to be to the supposed intimate of her deceased mother, yet her time was for the most part occupied by the Count and his never-failing inventions to attract her imagination, when it was Deboos' care, of course, not to interfere more than was absolutely necessary.

At these periods, and they were of pretty frequent recurrence, Albert was her natural resource; and though she at first handled him as a toy of indifference, taken up for want of something better to while away the listless hours, she soon found, to her surprise, that there were seeds within his composition which promised the most goodly harvest, and which

rendered the tending of them a delightful task.

While matters stood thus, a circumstance occurred, not of much value in itself, but sufficient to confirm Deboos most effectually in the kindly feelings she had begun to entertain towards Albert.

As soon as this artful woman found she had succeeded in imposing herself on the orphans of Unwalden as the friend of their mother, she had proceeded, under the direction of De Mara, to furnish them with apartments, at which she was a daily visiter, having, in order to avoid the chance of any unlucky *éclaircissement*, made a satisfactory excuse for not lodging her guests in her own house; to which abode, for the same reason, she had always avoided introducing them. It was at these lodgings provided for the new comers that the Count made his daily appearance, always taking care to arrive after Deboos, in order that the delicacy of Madeline might not be alarmed in receiving a visit from him alone.

It happened one morning that the fictitious Madame Lalande had suffered her usual hour of arrival considerably to elapse without making her appearance ; and by no very extraordinary coincidence some trifle caused Madeline to be eagerly watching for her coming, so that each moment of her absence was counted. At length, the fineness of the morning tempting her, and having some vague idea of the quarter of the city in which the residence of the lady was situated—though vague it only could be, for Deboos had always answered with uncertainty any question that tended to draw from her her exact address—she set out in the hope that she might either find her way to Madame Lalande's abode, or meet her on her route thence.

Madeline had not long been gone on this errand, before the Count arrived. He was surprised at the maiden's absence, for it was unlike her usual habits ; but he at first concluded that she and Deboos had gone out together. When, however, he learned from Albert

the real state of the case, and that it was to the delayed arrival of Madame Lalande that Madeline's exit was attributable, his surprise quickly changed into anger towards his agent, for thus, by her absence, provoking the egress of his mistress.

At this moment Deboos arrived without having met Madeline on her road. It was an unauspicious minute, for the Count was full of disappointment, and (allowing for the deafness of Albert) there were none by to check his expression of it.

Perhaps, had the Count, before he commenced the attack, paused for a moment to scan her countenance, he might have altered his intention. The expression that dwelt in the lines of her face, and the rapid movement of her eye, would have reminded him of that strange aspect which had greeted him on the night on which he had beat so long and so loud at her door, and which taught him by implication, that it was no time to trifle, or to venture too far with a roused woman of Deboos' temperament.

Without, however, any such pause, he received her on entering with a low bow to the ground. Deboos might have mistaken the sentiment,—but she looked in his face, and it was impossible. Giving her hand to Albert in token of a kind good-morrow, she returned the Count's greeting with as slowly profound a curtsey.

"Your salute," cried the angry nobleman, "is typical of the speed with which you move. I return you my best thanks for the way in which you discharge your duty. Perhaps by this time Madeline may have escaped me for ever."

Deboos was, as ever, in no humour to submit to a taunt in silence. "As to my salute," replied she, "you can have no claim to quarrel with that, for its grade was borrowed from your own. And as to my speed, as you yourself have compared it to what was copied from yourself, I should be equally free from censure in your eyes."

"Answered like a wrangler," cried the Count, still more sourly, "ever defending most vehemently where there is least room for defence.

I tell you, Madam, my money has been paid for your time—Heaven knows dearly enough; and therefore most just cause of complaint have I when I find my whole plans running a thousand risks, because you cannot rise in time to suit decent people."

"Count," cried the accused hastily, "were your miserable taunts worth answering, I would tell you that it was your business, and not mine, that detained me this morning. To gratify you I employed an agent to remove Madame Lalande, who is now the bane of my every hour, and who, if once let loose, would effectually mar every thing."

"Psha! woman, do you think I am to be deceived by these hacknied terms of romance, or that a Centaur with a Chimæra for a tail can frighten me. I am more angry with you for attempting to pass such a trick upon me, than at the failure for which this was intended as an excuse."

"De Mara, one day you may be made to know."

"Be silent, Madam, I pray—"

"Silent! Am I first to be accused, and then deprived of my right to—?"

"Oh! the eleven thousand virgins," cried the Count, "what hurricane is this?" And he hastily put his hand on Deboos' mouth, more perhaps in joke than in earnest, but sufficiently unceremoniously to awaken the anger of Albert; who, though he had not been able to hear this scene, had watched it with growing interest, well interpreting the feeling that dictated each sentence, and not a little hurt that the Count, a mere visiter, should presume to speak with such angry tone and gesture to one that was held so dear by Madeline and himself. But when De Mara proceeded so far as to stop the mouth of Madame Lalande, Albert was roused into action; and what perhaps he would not in a hundred years have done for himself, his affection and manhood irresistibly impelled him to do for her whom he believed to be his mother's kind adviser and his own protecting counsellor. He pushed rapidly

between the two without uttering a word; and giving the nobleman an unexpected thrust, which nearly threw him from his balance, he placed Deboos' arm within his own, as if intimating he was determined at all hazards to continue his interference in her behalf.

The Count, though his dignity as well as his person was somewhat overbalanced by Albert's unceremonious move, perceived in an instant that he had made a false step, and hastened to retrieve it. Indeed, for the moment of the action, which had so excited the reprehension of the orphan, he had quite forgotten his presence in the room, and consequently had not calculated the effect that it would produce upon him.

It is unnecessary, however, to pursue this scene further. It is sufficient to remark that this transaction was the parent of two effects. The one was, that the mutual suspicion of the Count and of Albert was increased;—the former feeling that there was something extant in the youth's spirit, of which he had not formerly been aware, but

which appeared to be of a nature formidable and difficult to be managed;—while the latter (with all his mind set upon an action of which his whole previous life of monotony could not furnish the parallel) perceived that something now existed and was on record, tangibly expressive of the sense he had always entertained of De Mara. The other effect that here took its origin was that produced in the mind of Deboos. Albert's little action in her behalf had penetrated her very heart. The husk of her time-seared feelings fell away before it, and was destroyed, for she acknowledged in it the first overt act that for many and many a year had been done to redeem her from among the neglected of the world. Hitherto, though her heart had been gradually yielding, she had looked with jealousy on the movements of Madeline in her favour, and even on those of Albert: she had endeavoured to steel herself against them. She had said, "These are pleasant, but they are fallacies: anon they will fall off, and be as nothing; and Deboos in her old

age must take care that she is not again the victim of sympathy and girl-heartedness." But this little act of Albert had caused a total revolution in her thoughts. It was now she who sought the youth, and not he her; and she became as attached to him, as devoted to his wishes, and as anxious of his movements, as if she really had been the chosen and confidential friend of his mother, or even that mother herself.

As Madeline, by common consent, was not made acquainted with this transaction, her feelings towards all parties remained the same; and the Count still found her the willing partaker of his proposed round of amusements—the bashful, but not unheedful, listener to his tale of love. Imperceptibly, but by irresistible gradations, the net that De Mara had so artfully woven round her was closing upon her; and her anxious look in his absence, her joy-illumined countenance in his presence, were the unerring foretellers of the success of the nobleman in implanting his image on her heart.

CHAPTER XII.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best beloved and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.
Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
Love raised to an extreme,
The only proof 'twixt them and me,—
We love and do not dream.

ROCHESTER.

THE Count De Mara, having thus far gained his point in carrying the affections of Madeline, thought that the time for pressing his suit more vigorously was fully arrived, and he turned his attention to the way in which this might be most skilfully executed. The great bar to his progress now seemed to be Albert's continual presence

at all his interviews with Madeline, conscious as he was that the brother must be watching every one of his motions as regarded the sister, and scanning his intentions towards her with the most jealous survey. But De Mara began to hope that the time was at length come when he had interest enough in Madeline's affections to venture putting himself in the scale against Albert, and that if the approaching steps were managed with caution, it would be no difficult task gradually to detach the orphans from their present close bond of union. Part of the labour was already done: Madeline had adopted a chain of amusements in which Albert felt but slight interest; for to him music's poetry was dead, and the gay dramatic scene was a sort of minor torture, where the eye only informed the mind more forcibly of the loss which she had elsewhere sustained: and, on the other hand, the brother had found a new companionship in the attentions of Deboos, which appeared to be daily more relished and desired. All that remained, there-

fore, for the Count to do was to adopt the foundation that was already laid, and build a goodly superstructure on it, fit in its qualities and parts to effect the manœuvre which he had in hand.

The feelings that had by turns pervaded De Mara's mind with respect to Albert are not unworthy of notice. When he first saw him at the road-side inn, he scarcely observed him, except so far as he formed a feature in Madeline's delicious narrative, which had carried the Count's whole soul along with it. He might have been a human creature, or he might not, for any thing that the Count condescended to know about him. He was a neutrality—a piece of furniture—a something that made up the *tout ensemble* of the apartment, admitted to a place on the expectation and understanding of being of no significance. It is one of the grand mistakes of those lovers, who think they condescend in loving where they do, to pass over as unobservant all the former retinue of their mistress. Such a suitor hopes to make his love individual, and to get rid of what

he holds to be superfluities, but what the other party has always looked to as component parts of herself. He imagines that as he loves only one member of a body that have hitherto been indissolubly joined, the remainder is to be thrown away at his beck and bidding, and be annihilated at "the whiff and wind" of his *sic jubeo*. It is as though he would adopt from choice Ceres' hapless mistake, and feed only on the shoulder of Pelops, rejecting the rest of the dish. It was thus with the Count De Mara; and, Frenchman as he was, he forgot the maxim inculcated by one of the greatest philosophers * of his nation, when he says, "I should approve a soul that had divers stories in its structure—one that knows how to bend and how to slacken; that finds itself at ease in every condition of fortune; that can converse with a neighbour of his buildings, his hunting, or any trifling dispute between him and another; that can chat with a carpenter or gar-

* Montaigne.

dener with pleasure." But De Mara could not do these things gracefully even when his interest required it. Either his nature was averse to the condescension, or he deemed his own merits sufficient without calling in the aid of so adventitious an ally.

But when the scene changed from the road-side inn to Geneva, the aspect in which the Count was to behold Albert was altered perforce. He found on observation the affection between the orphans so complete, that it was impossible for him to be present with the one without being in company with the other; and though Albert's want of hearing prevented his joining to any great extent in the conversation, he was still sufficiently one of the party to require the notice of the Count, and to claim his attention as long as he would stand well with Madeline. The events that subsequently took place, and which have been already noticed, again changed the Count's feelings towards the youth. He was no longer a neutrality, or, if so, it was an armed one;

and there was reason every moment to dread that he would break out into open war.

Here, then, was an abundance of reason for De Mara to do his utmost to wean Madeline from her affection for her brother; and as soon as he had instructed Deboos to take advantage of the kindness which existed between her and Albert, in order that there might be something of a check even on that side, the Count set himself seriously to work at his task, in the confident expectation that a very short time would be sufficient to effect his project in all its parts.

In the first two or three instances he succeeded as well as he could wish. Fortune seemed to work with him, and make excuses for him; and he felt that in proportion as he and Madeline were alone, his suit proceeded with renovated ardour. Crowned with success, he became more emboldened; and seizing the opportunity of Madame Lalande one evening declaring herself too unwell to join a party that had been agreed upon for the theatre, he ventured to propose that

he and Madeline should proceed thither, and that Albert should stay behind as a companion for the invalid.

This arrangement was objected to on the part of Madeline, who declared that as Madame Lalande required a companion, she would stay with her; and that the Count and Albert should proceed to the theatre together, the representation that evening being one which the latter had long desired to see, as it was the revival of a piece which had been much talked of throughout Switzerland, and which, as it was to be acted entirely in pantomime, would easily come within the scope of his apprehension.

This decision placed both Deboos and De Mara on the horns of a dilemma. Deboos, knowing that the Count would be glad to have her say that she wished Albert to remain behind, did not dare express it, lest it might confirm Madeline still more peremptorily in her decision; while the Count was awakened out of the delicious reverie he had been enjoying at the idea

of spending a whole evening with Madeline alone, to find the very person, whom of all others he dreaded and detested, foisted upon him instead: nor did he know how to demur to this arrangement of his mistress, without throwing himself open to suspicion on the one hand or the other.

Madeline saw the hesitation with which he was wavering, and forced an explanation upon him, by exclaiming—"Are we going to have two invalids, Count? or has the loss of two ladies at once so overwhelmed you as to take away all power of utterance?"

"And is not such a loss," replied the lover, "sufficient to account for the effect produced? I had hoped that by this time my young friend Albert knew enough of Madame Lalande's constitution to be the proper person to undertake her cure, without requiring a consultation of physicians to help him through his diagnosis."

"But it is not a consultation of physicians that is proposed; only to substitute one for another.

Come, Count, Albert is quite ready ; and I long to have my patient all to myself."

" Nay, but if you insist on turning physician, my good Madeline," cried Madame Lalande, " the Count has a fair right to insist on turning patient. Come, let us put off the theatre for to-night, and unite in being sick."

De Mara gave the proposer of this scheme a look, as much as to say—" That is not the footing on which I would have the thing placed ;" and then remarked, " I cannot be sick at will ; nor, if I could, should this be the opportunity I would take, for I should find it but a poor substitute for the pleasure that was to have been mine. Come, dear Madeline, think better of it, and do not cheat Madame Lalande of her faithful nurse."

" I am sure," said the maiden, thus appealed to, " that if I imagined for a moment that my dear Madame would be dissatisfied with the change, I would cease to press it ; but I long for an opportunity of showing her how well I can rival even Albert in that capacity. And look at

the boy; see, he has not yet caught from our countenances the subject of our conversation, so that his own face is still lighted up with the anticipated pleasure of seeing something that he will be able to comprehend throughout. So, good Count, be obedient to your faith as a *preux chevalier*, and wish us 'good night.'"

"But a *preux chevalier's* duty," replied De Mara, still seeking to contest the point, "is to attend on the ladies; and, if you insist on this arrangement, you will not only deprive me, but Albert, of all claim to the character. Come, let me rule this evening, and your brother shall be gratified another night."

"Now, if I did not know you love argument for argument-sake," said Madeline, somewhat seriously, "I should feel hurt at your still opposing me. But as I have no doubt you have a good chain of reasoning to urge in defence, I will be content to meet you half-way."

"My best Madeline," cried her lover, his brow clearing up, and gaiety again sparkling in his eye, "I was sure you would comply."

"In all that is reasonable, you would say.—Just so; so let this be the arrangement: go now with Albert to the theatre, and, to-morrow morning, I promise to hear your arguments, pro and con, with the patience of a burgomaster and the deliberation of a congress of statesmen."

De Mara's countenance fell into gloom as rapidly as it had risen into gladness. "Your decision," said he, "puts me in mind of the way in which an old English poet* opens one of his shorter pieces :—

> I oft have heard of Lydford law,
> How in the morn they hang and draw,
> And sit in judgment after.

Or, perhaps, it may more fairly be likened to the judge who always quarrelled with those who had any thing to say in their defence, because it served to confound the clearness of the charge."

"Sir," said Madeline,—"but I see how it is. Your inclinations and my wishes must come in

* Browne.

opposition only for the latter to yield ; and I thank you for the lesson."

" That is unjust, Madeline. Your pleasure is mine. But it would seem beyond all fairness to require me to assume the office of leading-strings to Albert, for whom I am as little a companion as he is one for me."

" Then I am to understand that you refuse your companionship to Albert this evening at the theatre ? "

" I do not refuse it," said De Mara, afraid, from Madeline's manner, that he had gone too far, " but I complain of the arrangement; and, indeed, I am afraid that it is now too late for any of us to go, for it is already half an hour beyond the time of commencement."

" Count de Mara," said the girl, with a firmness which had been little expected, " it is well that you should understand me rightly. Albert is as myself: he, for whom the boy is no companion, can be no friend of mine. I have the honour of wishing you good night."

Both Deboos and the Count gazed on the speaker with astonishment. The former sighed deeply, as she might do, who had been unexpectedly reminded of the foregone scenes of pain and pleasure that belonged to her own history. The latter looked on in silence for a few moments, during which a myriad of passions, and grades of passions, traversed his course of thought.

At length he broke silence. "Dear Madeline, why such words as these? Is it forbidden me to speak of sympathies being wanting, as well as sympathies in existence? Is it denied me ——"

"Pray, no more, Count de Mara: I know the subtlety of your tongue; and doubt not you have wisdom enough to silence a simple villager. But even such skill as yours cannot throw a coat of darkness over my heart. Merciful Heaven! have I been in danger of learning to think well of him who would teach me to think ill of my Albert? Poor

boy!" added she, as she pressed him to her bosom, "where are your miseries of my infliction to end? Is it not enough that my fault forbids your looking back at your mother's memory, lest you should remember my error? Is it not enough that I have torn you asunder from the kindest protector that Heaven ever sent to throw a shield over your hapless fate, but must I also be the tempter of companions to flout at you?—Must I be the summoner of associates who hold up their hands in contempt of you? Count de Mara, I entreat you to quit us. Speak to him, good Madame Lalande. Tell this despiser of my brother that he has no right to hold the mirror to my guilty conscience, and inflict wretchedness on me by showing me my offences."

De Mara, accustomed as he was to the ways of women, could not withstand the earnestness of these exclamations; still less could he resist the varying expression of her countenance, now streaming with tenderness towards her brother, and presently blackening into anger towards

him who had provoked this scene. With hesitation, with reluctance, lingering in each step that carried him to the door, he withdrew.

The feelings that accompanied him to his hotel were nearly beyond endurance, and seemed as though they would fritter his very heart into shreds. He cursed his own folly,—he cursed Deboos' sickness,—he cursed Albert's very existence,—he cursed Madeline in her obstinacy and resistance. Now, for the first time, he really began to form a just conception of her fiery temperament, and well understood how it was that her uncle had been offended past forgiveness. But when he looked at the situation in which he found himself, then it was that his bosom swelled with the deepest pang, and his heart heaved highest within his breast. For nearly a month had he been incessantly at work in obtaining Madeline's affections ; and now, in one short hour, he had more than undone all that was done before. He had deserted all other objects of pursuit, — had been laughed at by his boon com-

panions for his slow pertinacity,—and, at last, with a breath—a word—a look, found himself excluded from all hope, and banished from the very presence of his mistress.

While the Count was thus running the round of his prospects destroyed, his battle was being fought in the field he had just quitted by an ally that he had little expected. As soon as he had departed, the maiden, with high indignation in her actions, made Albert acquainted with what had taken place. It cannot be denied that the first sensation that presented itself to the youth's mind on receiving this information was that of pleasure. The Count, whom he had never liked, and towards whom he had lately begun to entertain a stronger feeling of disapprobation, was disbanded; and never again was his dear Madeline to be taken away from her brother, to whose sight she was dear as that of Jerusalem was of yore to the enthusiastic lunatics who crusaded away life, riches, and common sense at the bidding of a Boniface or a Pius, whose grasping

spirits could not rest till they should be able to place one foot as firmly in Asia, as they had implanted the other in Europe. But when Albert took cognisance of all the consequences that would attend this change, this first sensation of his mind gradually gave way to another. Young as he was, and shut out as he had been by his misfortune from a knowledge of the world and of the world's significances, he had not failed to perceive the growing pleasure that his sister had taken in the society of De Mara ; and though her heat of temper prevented her, on the spur of the moment, displaying the slightest reluctance at the decision she had made, Albert felt, from his own experience, how difficult and how painful it was to be separated from an associate, who, on the score of kindness, attention, and the desire to please, claimed affinity to those feelings in another's breast. Before the strength of this image his own prejudice against the Count rapidly disappeared ; and he used all his powers of persuasion to induce Madeline to alter her determination.

It was long before the sister would yield: at first the very fact of Albert's pleading on behalf of the nobleman's contumacy strengthened her determination; but, as he pleaded, she gradually softened before the bland words of the youth, and at length, assisted by skilful inuendoes judiciously thrown in and supported by the supposed Madame Lalande, who from her fictitious character claimed a weight for her advice, which it could not otherwise have had, Albert was triumphant.

Nor would he rest here. Forgiveness being agreed upon, he contended that there was neither candour nor justice in suppressing its announcement; and, insisting upon his sister writing her relaxation to the Count, Albert himself claimed the privilege of conveying it forthwith to his lodgings; hoping, in the honesty of his heart, that the share he had had in effecting the reconciliation, together with his appearance in the happy character of a messenger of peace, would obliterate old feelings in De Mara's breast, and give them both

an opportunity of improving their opinion of each other.

When Albert arrived at the Count's hotel, he used the privilege which he deemed to be belonging to the errand on which he had come, and entered his apartment without announcement. When he first cast his eyes on De Mara, there was an involuntary shudder at the change which had taken place in his countenance: the first lines of beauty, which usually had possession of his face, were distorted, or rather they had evaporated in the boiling of the passions that had there set up his abode; while his features had taken on themselves an expression of ghastliness, as if they had been made haggard by a series of painful exertions.

When De Mara looked up and saw who it was that thus intruded on his privacy—none other than his bane, and the very author of all his disappointments,—the devil was strong within him; and it was as though he had to employ the power of a thousand minds to suppress the thoughts that flowed thick and fast into his brain.

The struggle was soon put an end to by Albert giving him the letter from his sister; and it was well that it was so; for such thoughts as those do not long hold dominion over the human mind without converting the possessor from a man into a demon.

With a strange agitation De Mara tore open the missive. With a still more wondrous sensation he found its contents to be—

"If the Count de Mara can forget the painful occurrence of this evening, Madeline will endeavour to copy his example. Friendships, she is told, are too hardly won to be lightly cast away; and she acknowledges the many goodnesses of the Count, whom she will not bid alter his opinion of poor Albert, but only thank him for having taught his sister to say that she is again willing to meet De Mara as a friend."

He, to whom these few lines were addressed, felt the full force of the hint with which the note concluded, and in the revulsion of his sentiments could not help embracing the messenger who had

brought him such glad tidings. Albert hailed this action as the forerunner of what he had presaged, and warmly returned the pressure.

In a short time they were both again in the presence of Madeline, whom they found alone, Deboos having taken her leave for the night. To pursue the scene of their reconciliation further will only be to repeat a tale that has been told a thousand times by painter, poet, and novelist. Let it be mentioned, however, that the Count did not this time forget his tactics ; but, remembering the wily dogma of the Latin poet—that " the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love," he embraced the moment of returning softness in Madeline's bosom to make a formal declaration of his passion for her, and to obtain from her those bashful admissions which are as characteristic of the one sex, as a manly avowal of the heart's dearest wish is of the other.

Albert heard not ; but he read in their eyes the subject that lighted them so brilliantly, and became the mute confidant of their situation. For

the first time in his life, he felt his heart warm into affection towards the Count, and began to entertain a hope that the mutual sentiment between them, that had commenced so ominously, might turn to better account in the end, and promote a hopeful cordiality of feeling.

CHAPTER XIII.

Guisc. Oh piteous and horrid murder!
Beaup. Such a life
Methinks had metal in it to survive
An age of men.
Henry. Such often soonest die.
CHAPMAN'S BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

THE Count de Mara's reflections, when he returned to his own lodgings that night, were not of the most agreeable nature. It was true that his misunderstanding with Madeline had been cleared up ; but there was still enough, both in its commencement and termination, to disagree with the prospects he had hitherto been entertaining. Up to this period, though the Count had done full justice to the vivacity of disposition and rapidity of

temper which Madeline possessed, in other respects he had deemed her to be one of the sex, as it had come under his survey and conclusions; and he had consequently made up his mind that he was to enjoy with respect to her a similar success to that which had crowned his machinations on previous occasions.

But the adventures of the evening had thrown fresh light on his undertaking; and he could not help perceiving that success—of which ultimately he did not choose to doubt—was further off than he had imagined; and that considerable time was still necessary to carry his designs into effect. It was this that caused his chief uneasiness, for, independently of his own eagerness and impatience, he felt that he was in no condition to spare more time to the enterprise without entangling himself in dangers which he wished to avoid. The period for the return of the real Madame Lalande was fast approaching;—it was impossible to tell from day to day how long Seaton's humour of absence would last;—and it was quite clear that the ap-

pearance of either of these persons would be the signal of his own defeat; for the specimen of that night was sufficient to show that whatever love Madeline might have for him, there were other passions within her breast, which, when excited, were sufficient to make that love succumb. This last thought brought back his mind to Albert with redoubled force. The heat of reaction, or rather the unexpected situation which had prevailed for a moment, had warmed him towards the youth. But the sensation was a forced one ; and when with a worldly and a cunning eye he surveyed the whole bearings of the case, his heart soon chilled towards him again, and his former disgust at his presence —at his very existence, revived. Albert, as he considered him, was the most dangerous enemy he had to encounter,—the rock, of all others, to be dreaded in piloting this difficult voyage.

The only resource, then, that he had left was to endeavour to vary his plan so as to meet the exigencies of the case. Long did he debate this point within himself, and many were the sugges-

tions that his fertile mind afforded; but they all seemed to be of a vague and unsatisfactory nature, for each in its turn was dismissed with the conviction that it was inefficient for the purpose required. At length the thought struck him, how far it might be expedient to tempt Madeline, or even to carry her off from Geneva to some place where he should not be surrounded with such dangerous chances, and where he might be more at liberty to prosecute his plans with safety.

The idea of tempting her to such a place, however, was soon abandoned; for with all his invention he could not devise any feasible ground that should induce her to quit Geneva; and even, should he succeed in this, he could not hope that she would depart without having Albert as a companion, so that all his trouble and skill would be spent in furthering a plan which would still leave his chief enemy in possession of the fortress. The remainder of the scheme, however, seemed better suited to his purpose, and the only doubt he had about it was whether Madeline could be induced to for-

give this first step, so as to afford him a fair opportunity of employing all his arts of address in those which were to succeed. At all events the business was worth consideration. By staying where he was risks of the most dangerous nature were hazarded: —by going elsewhere, and carrying Madeline with him, he opened the door to the chance of her displeasure on one point only; besides which, he flattered himself that by employing Deboos (as Madame Lalande) judiciously to exculpate the step when taken, he should be able to baffle any extraordinary display of feeling on the part of his mistress.

Having thus, at length, determined on the plan that he would pursue, the Count betook himself to his couch; but his mind was still too full of the "shreds and patches" of plots and schemes to allow his body the repose of sleep. But, though wakeful and restless, the hours did not pass tediously. No moment elapsed without a scene being present to his mind, in which he felt all the deep interest of a principal actor. Madeline, Albert,

Deboos, Seaton, and Lalande passed in quick succession over the mirror of his brain, and, like the multifarious presentations of the kaleidoscope, offered a continual change of circumstance and situation,—himself always figuring as the director and prime mover of the whole panorama.

As day was about to break, the Count fell into a heavy slumber, induced by the fatigue and anxiety of the hours he had passed; and the lateness of the hour at which he awoke prevented him that morning prosecuting a scheme which had formed part of the determinations of the night. It had been his intention, in pursuance of those determinations, to be with Deboos sufficiently early to anticipate her visit to Madeline, in order that he might arrange with that agent the necessary steps for conveying the maiden from Geneva. This opportunity, however, being lost, he determined to avail himself of the first moment he could be alone with Deboos, as he felt that, his scheme once resolved upon, he could not be too speedy in putting it in execution.

That moment, for which he looked, was the one when the fictitious Madame Lalande rose to take leave of the Orphans after spending the day, as usual, with them. On her offering to go, De Mara volunteered his company; and though such a suggestion on his part was not of very frequent recurrence, she had too well learned her cue to fall into any arrangement he made to express any surprise at the proposal, and they accordingly quitted the house together.

But whatever her surprise might be at this offer, it was infinitely surpassed and overwhelmed by the proposal which he had to make. That proposal was one which she had never contemplated; and still more—it was one with which, in her present state of feeling towards the Orphans, she could never comply. Albert's affection for her had not only instilled the same sensation into her mind with respect to him, but with respect to Madeline also; for she saw how intimate was the association between them, and felt that, in showing regard to the sister, she was offering the most grateful homage to the brother.

When, therefore, the Count gave her to understand what his intentions were, she felt an inexpressible shock. As yet her thoughts had not taken any express form, but had been content to dwell with kindness on the image of the Orphans, with a sort of vague hope that the Count might be so far interested in the charms of Madeline, and withheld by her prudence of conduct, as to seriously entertain a wish to be united to her in marriage. But this unexpected declaration of De Mara entirely overturned any dreams of that sort, with which she might have been soothing her expectation; and she found herself called upon to assist in a scheme, the whole spirit of which was contrary to her inclinations and desires.

Long and anxious was the conversation that took place between these two on the subject; and the point which the Count had expected would have been settled before they reached Deboos' house, occupied them some hours after they had entered her abode. The female had no wish to come to open war with the nobleman, and was

therefore careful how she expressed her feelings, while De Mara, anxious to have the coadjutorship of a person who had so much influence with Madeline in her assumed character, explained himself to the full, and endeavoured to combat and subdue every objection that she raised to the plan he was proposing. Gradually, however, the tone of the conversation changed:—Deboos began to perceive that her employer was inexorably attached to his schemes, and that the hopes she had entertained of an honourable proposal being made to Madeline were nugatory;—while the other discovered that there was something in Deboos' opposition that he could not fathom, but which was evidently running counter to the project which he had instituted.

A detail of the latter part of their discussion will show the humour in which they parted for the night.

"Come, Deboos," said the Count, in answer to a renewed argument on her part to show the injudiciousness of his proposed mode of proceeding:—

"Come, Madame, be candid with me, and let me really know how the case stands. I have marked your words for some time, and am convinced that there are reasons behind the curtain, which you have not yet chosen to disclose to me."

"There are no reasons," replied Deboos, "in my mind, but those which have reference to your own benefit: and my own I hold to be included in yours. I cannot comprehend how I, as Madame Lalande, am to justify a proceeding to Madeline, which even, as Madame Deboos, I cannot defend to you."

"There lies the point I want to know;—what has made Madame Deboos so amazingly nice all at once? Is it a visitation,—or a recantation—or a hallucination that has come over her since yesterday?"

"Nothing has come over me since yesterday," replied the female, growing warm, "but the news of your prodigious plot; so that, whether it be visitation, recantation, or hallucination, the provision is of your own importing."

"Ah," cried the other, "is my antagonist getting to her smart sayings and quibbling positions? Then now I am sure that there is a mystery which you would not have me comprehend; for it is an old manœuvre of yours to attack the temper when the penetration is a little too keen. It was the way, I remember, in which Altoz used to become your victim; but I intend to act on a safer system, and therefore beg leave to return to the subject from which you would divert me."

Deboos was about to reply in no very conciliatory tone, when a loud knock at the outer door arrested her speech, and her attitude was on the instant changed into that of a person listening with the most undivided attention. The Count watched her motions with interest, arising not only from the situation of the moment, but because he felt curious as to the actions of a being whose motives he had never been able to construe or penetrate.

After the lapse of a minute in this state

of suspense, Deboos' only servant entered the room, and stated that there was one at the door who wanted to speak with her mistress.

The mistress, in a hasty tone, exclaimed—"Do you not know his —— ?" and then, interrupting herself, added —"Never mind: at all events show him into the upper room. Do you understand, Maud? Up stairs, and by no means into the adjoining apartment."

The girl nodded, in confirmation of the directions she had received, and withdrew to obey them.

"I perceive," said the Count, with a smile, "that it is time for me to withdraw. Give me a positive answer, and I will take the hint."

"There is no hint for your going," replied Deboos, with a forced composure, "except the hour of night. That, indeed, might tell you that it is too late to stay."

"Too late to stay—but seemingly not too late to arrive. However, that is your affair, and not mine: I wait only for my answer."

"I can give no other answer than that already spoken. I would have you think better of this device; for, depend on it, the day that you carry it into execution will be the day of your losing Madeline for ever. I have a woman's wit, and I have watched the girl's character with a woman's eye; and my firm conviction is, that she would never pardon such an act."

"All which means, I suppose," returned De Mara, "that I am no longer to have your assistance in my enterprise."

"It means no such thing," said the other. "I have received your money, and would be honest to my word. That money was given me to forward your cause; and I cannot, therefore, do that which appears to me calculated to ruin it."

"But what if I insist on your compliance with my plan?"

"That cannot alter the position in which we stand. I have sold you my time and my abilities, but I have not sold you my judgment."

"I understand you," cried the Count; "you

would make a parade of your conscience; and, after all, end each sentence in violation of your plighted word. But it may happen, Madam, that I shall find means to bring you to another mode of acting."

And on this the Count, with anger in his movements, caught up his hat, and flung himself out of the house.

This was with De Mara another night devoted to wayward and unpleasing reflections. On the previous night he had dedicated his whole powers of argument to persuade himself that he had devised a plan—the best that the circumstances of the case would permit; and now, when he had imagined that he was just about to give full effect to his machinations, the whole was stopped by the defection of his principal instrument. Deboos, who had ever been a mystery to him, had now become something utterly incomprehensible. He called over to his recollection all the actions of her life with which he was acquainted; but still he could find no loop-hole by which a light was

thrown in to illumine the ambiguity of her behaviour. As far as he could make out, there seemed to be some mystic personage in the background, who had influence over her determinations, and was the prime mover of her actions. The Count recalled to his memory the strange expression of her countenance on the night of his first visit to her on Madeline's account — the manner in which she undertook to find an agent who should procure the absence of Madame Lalande — the anonymous letter—her own dark and distant hints on the subject—and, finally, this strange visit to her at midnight, which she seemed to know how to deal with, and equally determined to keep secret and unacknowledged. The reviewing of all these various circumstances, which, though slight in themselves, formed altogether a somewhat important whole, convinced De Mara that his conclusion was right, and that his only chance of making Deboos conform with his wishes was to penetrate the enigma in which she was enwrapt.

With this resolution he retired to rest; but the

news that the next morning brought him again broke down all the plans that the previous night had fostered and matured, and drove him once again into the sea of uncertainty and doubt, more unpiloted than ever.

He had scarcely risen from his bed when Deboos' servant burst into the room, her eye aghast with horror, and her whole manner depicting the fear that possessed her mind.

De Mara gazed at her in silent astonishment, and waited to hear tidings in conformity with her aspect. But she spoke not: it was as though terror had laid its icy influence on all the wonted channels of utterance, and forbade the issue of her voice.

At length he exclaimed, "What now, Maud? —What has happened?"

The woman caught, as it were, the power of speech from her questioner. "She is dead!" was her answer; and then, as if these words had conjured some painful vision to her sight, she covered her face with her hands as she again

muttered convulsively to herself, " She is dead ! She is dead ! "

De Mara was almost as much aghast as the poor servant at the information ; and it was some time before he could demand a fuller explanation of her brief announcement.

As the death of Deboos, in the course of a few days, became the subject of a legal investigation before the magistrates of the city, it is not necessary to recount the conversation that took place between the nobleman and the servant of the deceased. One word as to the situation in which the former found himself placed by this unexpected occurrence, and we will pass on to the evidence detailed before the syndics of Geneva.

The whole of the Count's plans were so identified with Deboos, that, on his first consideration of the consequences of her decease, it almost appeared as if the plot was entirely ruined by her disappearance from the scene of action. De Mara keenly appreciated the difficulty he had in handling her character and disposition, so as to make

them available to his purposes; but at the same time he had been so much accustomed, during the last month, to act in concert with her, that he could not divest himself of his belief in the necessity of her presence.

There is a story of a hypochondriac who imagined that he ever had a wraith, or thing unearthly by his side; and, under the influence of this imagining, his body wasted, and his spirit pined. At length some leech, wiser than the rest of his brethren, despatched this troublesome companion for ever; and it was thought the matter was concluded—quite the reverse; for when the poor patient found that his companion had quitted its long-accustomed station, he felt that a gap had been made in his circle, and he fell to moaning and lamenting for the loss of his troublesome but necessary ally.

The first feelings of the Count were somewhat similar to those of the poor hypochondriac. Little was the comfort *his* wraith had been to him, but still he winced under the gap her destruction

had occasioned, and he felt as if his labour had become doubly onerous on the loss of such a coadjutrix. The presence of the supposed Madame Lalande, and the patronage which she afforded to his attentions towards Madeline, had been a sort of security against any error into which he might be led; but now that she was gone, he felt a double caution was necessary, a more than usual discretion to be exercised to prevent those accidents which her presence would have reduced into trifles, but which, without her, might assume the character of importance.

But, concerning the death of Madame Deboos, I have the more willingly omitted the girl's statement of the circumstances to the Count de Mara on the morning of her death, as I have been fortunate enough to procure the secret and official record of the proceedings taken in the case before the syndics of Geneva, and shall be able to extract, for the information of the reader, such parts as are necessary to invest him with the more important features of the evidence adduced on that occasion.

My extracts commence thus :—

Count Richard Felix Mirabel de Mara, aged twenty-nine, sworn : " On the evening of the death of Madame Deboos I was at her house ; and, while in the course of conversation with her, I heard a loud knock at the street-door. After the lapse of a minute, her servant-maid, whose name I believe to be Maud Rinvein, entered the room where the deceased and I were seated, and announced that a person was without, asking for her mistress. The deceased directed the servant to show the inquirer into a room, which room I forget, but I particularly remember her laying a stress upon his not being shown into the back-room on the same floor with us ; and I also observed that, till we heard the footsteps of the stranger and the servant over-head, the deceased broke off all conversation with me, from which my conclusion was that she was desirous either that he should not know that she had any one with her, or that no part of our conversation should reach his ears. From the moment of our

renewing the conversation, I perceived an uneasiness about her manner, which I easily interpreted into a desire that I should take my leave, which I accordingly did after a stay of a very few minutes beyond the arrival of the stranger."

Paul Luther Carwin, aged seventy-one, sworn : —" I occupy the next house to the deceased. On the night of her death I was in bed by ten o'clock, but awake almost the whole of the night, being afflicted with severe rheumatic pains, which greatly disturbed my rest. About two o'clock in the morning, as I should guess, a disturbed movement in the house of the deceased attracted my attention, but I could not make out its particular character. As I conjecture, I should say that it resembled the convulsive and resisting heaving of a person in bed ; but this opinion may be partly formed from since learning the way in which the body of the deceased was found. About five minutes after this I heard one of the street-doors in the street clap to, but of which house I cannot take on myself to say."

By a syndic: "How came it, that on hearing the noise you have described, you did not give an alarm?"—"The noise was not much—a rumbling rather than a defined sound; besides which I had been in the habit of hearing strange sounds in the house of the deceased. Persons have come there late at night; and I remember, about a month ago, two cavaliers coming to the house about two or three in the morning, and knocking most violently for several minutes, after which they were admitted. That very night too another person had been admitted about an hour before."——

[I think it may fairly be inferred, though no minute is made of it in the secret and official document from which I quote, that at this point of evidence Count Richard Felix Mirabel De Mara bit his lips, and somewhat hastily turned his back on the witness; for assuredly his Lordship must have had a shrewd guess as to who the two Cavaliers were that had paid so late a visit to Deboos.]

Maud Rinvein, aged nineteen, sworn:—[It would appear that the whole of this witness's testimony was thought of great importance, for all her evidence is detailed in question and answer.]

"In what capacity did you live with the deceased?"—"I was her maid-servant, and the only one she kept."

"Do you mean by that, that yourself and the deceased were the only inmates of the house?"—"Yes."

"At what hour was it that the unknown stranger, who now lies under suspicion, came to the house?"—"We have no clock in the house, but it must have been shortly after midnight."

"Did you open the door to him?"—"I did."

"Describe, as well as you can, how he was dressed?"—"His person was almost entirely covered with a large cloak, so that I could only see his hat and his boots, which were of the kind usually worn by the lower order of the Genevese. The colour of his cloak was brown."

"What did he say was his business?"—"He said that he wanted to see 'Deboos.' I remember particularly his not putting 'Madame' before her name, for I thought it very uncivil, and answered him accordingly."

"Relate the rest of the conversation that took place."—"When he asked for my mistress so uncivilly, I told him that if he meant 'Madame Deboos,' she was too much engaged to be seen by every bear that growled at the door. And then he laughed so deeply, and so strangely, I should know that laugh again if I heard it on my dying bed. After his laugh was over, he put out his hand from under his cloak—and a very dirty hand it was—and said 'Harky'e, Goody, if you do not convey my errand, neck and heels you go into the street, and I shall do my own message.' And when I looked at him, there was something in his manner—for I could not see enough of his face to tell what that indicated,—that made me feel that word and deed were quick followers with him. So I said, 'Well, well, good man,'

(God forgive me for calling such a monster so) 'I will go tell my mistress;' and I did so, for I thought she would be little pleased to have such a third person in her conversation with the Count De Mara."

"And you informed her accordingly?"—"I did; and my mistress bade me show the stranger into the upper room, but by no means into the adjoining apartment."

"Do you know any reason why she did not wish the man to go into the adjoining apartment?"—"None, unless that given by the Count De Mara may be deemed sufficient."

"Did any further conversation take place between you and the stranger?"—"I merely told him that my mistress had directed me to show him up-stairs, on which he followed me, and I left him with a candle, as soon as I pointed out to him the apartment in which he was to remain."

"What occurred next?"—"In a few minutes I heard the Count De Mara take his leave;

after which my mistress called to me, and told me to go to bed."

"In what part of the house was your bed-room?"—"For the last three weeks I have been sleeping in the kitchen, which is a sort of out-house detached from the rest of the building, adjoining another where my mistress used to keep lumber; but, previously, I had always slept in the room on the same floor with my mistress, which was up-stairs:—it was into my former bed-room that I showed the stranger."

"Did you hear your mistress go up-stairs?"—"She went up as soon as she saw me retire to the kitchen for the purpose of going to bed."

"What further do you know about the events of the night?"—"While I was undressing for bed, I could not help thinking about the stranger that was up-stairs with my mistress. I had never seen him before, but still it struck me that he had been in the house on more than one occasion."

"What reason had you for coming to this

conclusion?"—"About a month ago my mistress was unwell, and very late at night she sent me out to get her some laudanum, which she said always relieved her pain. This was between one and two in the morning; and it was a long time before I could procure what she wanted. When I returned she let me in on my knocking, and took the bottle from me, desiring me to go to bed directly. That night I certainly thought I heard voices in the house; but should perhaps have forgotten all about it, had not old Master Carwin, who lives next door, asked me the next morning who it was that had been knocking so loud at our door; and from his account I learned, that first one man in a cloak, and then two cavaliers on horseback, had been to the house while I was away. And since that night some one has come to the house several times—as often as three or four times—and he always announced his being at the door by a peculiar knock, which my mistress, on hearing, answered herself. The stranger, of whom I have been

speaking, came with the same knock, and I have no doubt that it was only owing to my mistress being engaged with the Count De Mara that she suffered me to open the door."

"Having explained this, be so good as to return to the further particulars of the night in question."—"The more I thought about the stranger up-stairs, the more mysterious he appeared; and, as my curiosity was excited, I determined to creep up quietly, and listen to what they were talking about. To my great surprise, I found that the stranger was no longer in the room into which I had shown him, for I heard his voice, and that of my mistress, proceeding from her own bed-room, which was the furthest room of the two from the kitchen where I slept. As soon as I got my head level with the landing-place, I laid it along the boards, so as to get my ear as near to the crevice between the door and the floor as I could."

"And now tell us what you overheard; and be careful to preserve the words as accurately as

your memory will serve."—"The first I heard was the stranger saying something which ended with 'Then he was in the house when I came?' My mistress replied, but the answer was in too low a tone for me to form any connexion between the few words I caught. The next sentence of the stranger I heard entire: it was, 'Mark this, little Deboos; I will myself seek an interview with him.' This seemed to make my mistress angry, for she raised her voice, and I could hear her say, 'Beware how you take such a step,' and then the sound fell again; but I think what she added was to the purport that sooner than that she would disclose all, which I heard her continue with the words, 'though I myself should sink beneath the ruins.'"

"Did you overhear your mistress call the stranger by any name; or have you any reason to conjecture what his name may be?"—"Not the slightest. My mistress never alluded to his visits in her conversation with me; and I certainly heard nothing that could inform me on that point."

"Did you hear nothing further?"—"Nothing; for my position was very uncomfortable; besides which, the thought struck me, that if I stepped on the landing, and looked through the key-hole, I might perhaps be able to see what they were about, as well as hear better."

"And did you not do so?"—"I attempted it; but in so doing trod unawares on a brush that was lying on the floor:—the consequence was, that the bristles of the brush gave way beneath my weight, and the handle, which was round, gave a sudden turn, by which I was thrown with some violence against the door. In a moment my mistress opened it, and, I suppose, guessed the whole, for she looked fearfully angry; though perhaps that might not have been altogether at me. She, however, ordered me down stairs,—accompanied me,—and, without saying another word, waited in the kitchen till I was undressed and in bed."

"What further do you know of this melancholy transaction?"—"I was too much frightened to

think of going up-stairs again, but I lay and listened with unmoved attention, till at length, almost without knowing it, I fell asleep."

"Then you heard nothing more that night?"—"There is a thing I should like to mention; but I beg it may be taken with a doubt. The next morning when I awoke and remembered what had been happening the previous night, there was an impression on my mind that my ear had traced a gurgling muffled sound, as a conclusion to the events of the night. But I will not say that I really did hear it. One thing that almost makes me think it was dreamy and unreal, is, that when I shut my eyes as I lay in bed in the morning, the sound had more of reality about it to my imagination. Such as it was, however, I describe the sensation, but whether a fact or a dream I will not pronounce."

"At what hour in the morning did you get up?"—"A little after seven, which was later than usual; and therefore, when I was dressed and about, I was surprised to find that my

mistress was not stirring, for she was generally ud the first. I went to her door once or twice to listen, but there was no sound. Half an hour slipped away, and I began to think she would be angry if I did not call her; and yet I thought that the turmoil of the night might have wearied her. At length it came to my mind that I would go to her door and sing a little Italian air, which she herself had taught me, and which had often gladdened her face with a smile."

"And did you do so?"—"I was in no great heart for singing, for I knew that I had done wrong in listening at her door on the previous night, and I dreaded her unkind looks, for I knew that would be all the scolding I should have. A. she was a good mistress to me, and though her heart was heavy all day long, I never was made to bear the burthen of it. So at length I went and sang:—but she did not show by any movement that it reached her:—and then I opened the door softly to listen the better. Still no movement; not even a breath to break the

silence:—it was so hush, that if it had not been for the daylight, I should have thought I had mistaken the hour. Next I stole my head into the room that I might see. I did see; and I thought it would go hard with me to draw another breath. Oh, the goodness, it was such a sight! She was stretched across the bed, clothed as the night before, and round her lay the bed-things, rumpled and tossed, as if a great struggle had been held upon them. But it was her face that took the gaze. Her eyes were wide open, and pushed forward, as though looking for him who had done this thing; and as I stood there aghast and without action, I almost thought that her lips moved, as if calling for revenge. Oh, sirs, she was a good mistress; and here was a sight!"

[At the conclusion of her evidence the witness, apparently overcome by her recollection of the scene, fainted, and was taken out of court.]

To be brief with this painful business.—The rest of the document goes to show that a surgeon

examined the body, and found on the throat marks of strangulation sufficient to show the way in which the poor creature was put to death: the impress of a finger and thumb on the neck were deeply visible, and had been so forcibly thrust into the flesh as to leave a portion of the dirt; which corroborated the statement of Maud Rinvein, when she said, "And a very dirty hand it was" that came from under the cloak. The whole of the police of Geneva, it also appeared, had been in motion to discover the supposed assassin; but though several were apprehended, there was nothing brought against any sufficient to fix the charge upon them.

From a memorandum inserted at the foot of the document, it would appear that on the conclusion of this evidence the court was cleared, and a consultation took place among the syndics as to the fit course to be pursued; and the following is the result:—"For the committal of Maud Rinvein to prison, 2: for her dismissal on recognisances for attendance from week to

week to identify, should any be apprehended on suspicion, 7 : on which (Count De Mara consenting to be bondsman for the said Maud Rinvein) all the witnesses were discharged from present attendance."

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

3 0112 002962402